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CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

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CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

CHAPTER I.

INCIDENTS INTRODUCTORY TO MINISTERIAL LABOURS.

REV. T. ROBINSON.

The late Rev. T. Robinson, vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and was originally intended for trade; but discovering considerable literary talent, his parents consulted the clergyman on whom they attended, and determined to confer on him the advantages of a university education, with a view to his entering on the christian ministry. When he was about leaving home to proceed to Cambridge, he was one day met by a poor shoemaker, who inquired whether he was not about to be trained for a clergyman, and being answered in the affirmative, the man replied, "Then, sir, I hope you will study your Bible, that you may be qualified for feeding the sheep of Christ with the bread of eternal life." The hint was seasonable, and a Divine blessing attended it. Mr. Robinson never forgot it while he lived; and he laboured, as is well known, for many years, as a faithful and successful minister of the gospel.

REV. ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

This gentleman, who lived in Scotland in the seventeenth century, being a young man of talent, by the use of improper means, became a minister in that country, without having felt in his own heart the grace of God. The Rev. Robert Bruce was once called to preach in the neighbourhood, and being a very popular minister, Mr. H. determined to hear him. Mr. Bruce entered the pulpit, and after a solemn pause, in his usual manner, which fixed Mr. Henderson's attention, he read with emphasis these words as his text, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber," John x. 1. These words went to Mr. Henderson's heart, he felt himself in the Divine presence, his conscience became greatly troubled, and he yielded to the force of Divine truth. What he then heard was the means of his conversion to God, and he rose to eminent usefulness in the church of Christ.

REV. SOLOMON STODDARD.

The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, in New England, the predecessor of the far-famed president Edwards, was engaged by his people on an emergency. They soon found themselves disappointed, for he gave no indications of a renewed and serious mind. In this difficulty their resource was prayer. They agreed to set apart a day for special fasting and prayer, in reference to their pastor. Many of the persons

meeting for this purpose, had necessarily to pass the door of the minister. Mr. S. hailed a plain man whom he knew, and addressed him, "What is all this? What is doing to day?" The reply was, "The people, sir, are all meeting to pray for your conversion." It sunk into his heart. He exclaimed to himself, "Then it is time I prayed for myself!" He was not seen that day. He was seeking in solitude what they were asking in company; and "while they were yet speaking," they were heard and answered. The pastor gave unquestionable evidence of the change; he laboured amongst a beloved and devoted people for nearly half a century; and was, for that period, deservedly ranked among the most able and useful of christian ministers.

A YOUNG MINISTER.

One dark night in winter, a young gentleman was requested by his father to light an aged friend to his home, in a country village. On the road, the old gentleman said to him, "My young friend, will you try to remember the following words? 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not,'"

Mal. iii. 16—18. The young gentleman went home and learned the passage. It was so infixed upon his mind that he never forgot it; and was adopted as a favourite text. He became an active and pious minister, the rector of a large parish, and had the care of two thousand souls, who all looked up to him as a father and a friend. His influence reached far and wide, and his example produced the most beneficial effects, not only among his own people, but in the extensive city near which he resided. This anecdote should encourage others to improve every opportunity that may present itself, of implanting Divine truth in the youthful mind.

AN AMERICAN MINISTER.

Some years ago, a clergyman, who was a widower, married the widow of a deceased minister of another denomination. She was a woman highly esteemed for her correct views of Divine truth, and for sincere and consistent piety. She had not long accompanied her new companion in his public and social worship before she became pensive and dejected. This awakened the solicitude of her companion, who insisted on knowing the cause. At length, with trembling hesitancy, she observed, "Sir, your preaching would starve all the christians in the world." "Starve all the christians in the world!" said the astonished preacher; "why, do I not speak the truth?" "Yes," replied his wife, "and so you would were you to stand in the desk all day, and say my name is Mary. But, sir, there is something beside the letter in the truth of the gos-

pel." The result was, a very important change in the ministerial efforts of this clergyman; after which his partner sat and heard him preach with great delight.

A CLERGYMAN.

An eminently useful clergyman writes thus:—One sermon, or one single sentence of a sermon, may be like a nail driven in a sure place, which never through a long life loses its hold: or like a seed which lies hidden for a long season, but at length takes root and bears fruit. I well remember that the first serious impression made on my own mind, was by the text of a stranger who preached at K. L. church, when I was five or six years old. I remembered nothing of the sermon, but it is impossible to trace the full and blessed influence which his text produced in after years. It was Isaiah i. 18. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

REV. H. VENN.

The late Rev. H. Venn, A.M., the author of "The Complete Duty of Man," was extremely fond of cricket, and reckoned one of the best players in the university of Cambridge, where he then studied. In the week before he was ordained, he played in a match between Surrey and all England. The match had excited considerable interest, and was attended by a very numerous body of spectators. When the game

terminated, in favour of the side on which he played, he threw down his bat, saying, "Whoever wants a bat which has done me good service, may take that; as I have no further occasion for it." His friends inquiring the reason, he replied, "Because I am to be ordained on sunday, and I will never have it said of me, Well struck, parson!" and to this resolution, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, and even of the tutor and fellows of his college, he strictly adhered, though the sudden transition to comparative inactivity injured his health. His subsequent eminence for piety and ministerial labour is well known.

A MINISTER IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

In a sea-port town on the west coast of England, some years ago, notice was given of a sermon to be preached there one sunday evening. The preacher was a man of great celebrity; and that circumstance, together with the object of the discourse being to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the sabbath, attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prayers and praises, the preacher read his text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leaning his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the

occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came hither that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intention of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in this pulpit. Accordingly, they had not attended long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' But the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he, too, said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said, 'It would be better altogether to give up the design which has brought us here.' At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the place, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men? The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death, for murder, in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you!—listen to him."

AMERICAN MINISTERS.

A few years ago, some gentlemen in America,

who were associated in preparing for the christian ministry, felt interested in ascertaining what proportion of their number had pious mothers. They were greatly surprised and delighted in finding that, out of one hundred and twenty students, more than a hundred had been blessed by a mother's prayers, and directed by a mother's counsels to the Saviour. Though some of these had broken away from all the restraints of home, and, like the prodigal, had wandered in sin and sorrow, yet they could not forget the impressions of childhood, and each was eventually brought to Jesus, and proved a mother's joy and blessing.

REV. DR. BUCHANAN.

The dealings of Divine Providence, in reference to the early lives of ministers, and their introduction to their office, are frequently very remarkable. Dr. Buchanan, whose life was published by the Rev. Dr. Pearson, was born in Scotland, and received a respectable education, when he romantically determined, without experience and without money, to see the world. He came in a most singular way to London, heard the Rev. John Newton, and being brought to see his folly, wrote to him. Mr. N. requested, from the pulpit, that the writer of the letter he had received would wait upon him: he did so, and a friendship commenced, which led to Mr. B.'s introduction to the late Henry Thornton, Esq.; to his education at the university, at that gentleman's expense; and to his subsequent usefulness, which is so generally known.

REV. W. ROMAINE.

The introduction of the Rev. W. Romaine to the lectureship of St. George's, Botolph Lane, was very remarkable. While a young man, he visited London, with the hope of some engagement as a clergyman; but being disappointed in his expectation, he was about to leave town; and, having sent his trunk on board the packet, was walking towards the water-side, when he was stopped by a gentleman, a total stranger to him, who inquired if his name was Romaine. He answered that it was. The gentleman then apologized for the abruptness of his address, and said, that many years before he had been acquainted with his father, whom he greatly resembled, which had led to the inquiry he had just made. After further conversation, the gentleman informed him that the lectureship of that parish was vacant, and promised his influence, if he would stay, to obtain it. It was obtained without Mr. R. canvassing for it, and thus did the hand of God introduce to the metropolis this great instrument of extensive good.

It is remarkable, that, after much effort, Mr. Romaine eventually obtained the living of St. Andrew and St. Ann's, Blackfriars, principally through the influence of a publican. On Mr. R. afterwards waiting upon him to express his acknowledgments, the man replied, "Indeed, sir, I am more indebted to you than you to me; for you have made my wife, who was one of the worst, the best woman in the world."

A PREACHING FARMER.

The late Rev. R. Hill writes thus:—A certain farmer, well known to me, was always moral, yet ignorant of the gospel. By reading some of the sermons of the late Mr. Romaine, he was called to the knowledge of the truth. The farmer was a man of good sense and great integrity; and he now conceived his domestics should not live without family worship. In his kitchen the Bible was always as much in sight as the bacon-rack; and when he read the Bible to them, he could not but express the simple feelings of his heart. He wept, and they wept in concert. And in prayer, he found he was not wanting in "the spirit of grace and of supplications." Thus being enabled to tell his own wants before his family, they began to find out their wants also. This answered the end. The family was filled with surprise, and they surprised their neighbours, who stole in to unite in this worship. They now requested him to preach; but the modest farmer resisted the call. He had a gracious sister, who charged him not to fight against God, for that others, besides his own family, were benefited by their attendance. The farmer consented; yet he was no enthusiast, but a solid, pious, thinking man, and had a good knowledge of his Bible: and no man of good sense, though he has neither Greek, Latin, nor logic, will ever talk nonsense. Thus he commenced a preacher, and was wonderfully blessed: quite the apostle, the reformer of the neighbourhood. The generous public speedily ac-

commodated the farmer with a convenient place of worship, in the town. The farmer was solemnly ordained to the pastoral charge, and the communion among them was very seriously and largely attended.

REV. R. HALL.

It has been often remarked, that intimate communion with God is one of the very best preservatives from error; and it may be further recommended, as one of the most effectual means of detecting any error we may have already imbibed. The late Rev. R. Hall, in the early part of his ministry, doubted the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit; but, increasing in the spirituality of his mind, and becoming more ardently attached to secret devotion, he found that, whenever in private prayer he was in the most deeply devotional frame, "most overwhelmed with the sense that he was nothing, and God was all in all,"—that then he always felt himself inclined to adopt a trinitarian doxology. This circumstance occurring frequently, and being more frequently meditated upon in a spirit of honest and anxious inquiry, issued at length in a persuasion that the Holy Spirit is really and truly God, and not an emanation.

A CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman, passing through Reading, called on the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan. "So, Mr. W—," said that great and good man, "you are in orders." "Yes, sir; and I am frequently distressed, lest I should not discharge my office

aright." "You have, sir," replied Mr. C. "but one thing to do; exalt Jesus, and the promise is, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'" The impression was not transient; the minister often recollected the hint with profit.

REV. MR. PATTEN.

The Rev. Mr. Patten, of New York, stated, at a meeting of the Religious Tract Society in that city, that a pious man of colour, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, whom he knew and often conversed with, when he first began to turn his thoughts to the christian ministry, held with him an interesting conversation. This poor Tom, for so he was called, had been converted when a slave, had learned to read, was called to the dying bed of his master to read the Bible, was emancipated by his master's will, and, after having redeemed his wife, had removed to the suburbs of Philadelphia. Poor Tom said to Mr. P. "Massa, me hear you are going to study to be a minister!" "Yes." "Will you let poor Tom say one thing to you?" "Yes." "Well, you know the good Master says, Watch and pray. Now you may watch all the time, and if you no pray, the devil will get in. You may pray all the time, and if you no watch too, the devil will get in. But if you watch and pray all the time, the devil no get in; for it is just like the sword of God put into the hand of the angel at the entering of the garden—it turn every way. If the devil come before, it turn there; if the devil come behind, it turn there. Yes, Massa, it turn every way."

REV. JOHN CLARK.

After the late Rev. John Clark, of Trowbridge, had been engaged in the ministry for a few years, his mind became greatly depressed with a view of its responsibility, a sense of his own inability, and the want of more success. At length these discouragements were so oppressive, that he assured some christian friends, one sabbath afternoon, that he could preach no longer. In vain did they try to remove his difficulties, or to persuade him at least to address the congregation that evening, as no supply could be obtained. He declared his positive inability to preach any more. At this moment a pious old woman applied to speak to the minister. Being admitted, she requested him to preach from that text, "Then I said, I will speak no more in his name: but his word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay," Jer. xx. 9. She stated that she did not know where the words were, but that her mind was so much impressed with them, that she could not forbear to request him to preach from them that evening. Being satisfied that she was entirely unacquainted with the circumstances which had just transpired, Mr. Clark was assured that Providence had thus interposed that he should continue his ministry. He preached that evening from the text thus given, and never afterwards was greatly distressed on the subject.

REV. JOHN COOKE.

The late Rev. J. Cooke used to relate the following anecdote, which illustrates the assiduous and thoughtful manner in which he was accustomed to prepare for the duties of the pulpit:—

Very soon after I was settled at Maidenhead, three texts struck me in succession, after the duties of the sabbath were over. I said to myself, "Ah, that will do for next Lord's day morning; and that for the afternoon; and that for the evening." I was much engaged with preaching and visiting for several days, and not till saturday did I sit down to arrange my matter for the sabbath. The three texts were quite gone from me: all saturday, till very late at night, I laboured to recover them, but in vain. Sabbath morning came, and I could think of nothing. The time of service drew on, and in fact I went to meeting, unable to fix my mind on any text. I entered the pulpit, the people sang, I prayed, still as unable to say what I should preach from as any of my hearers. During the second singing, I opened the Bible almost in despair; a passage struck me—I was carried through.

On reaching my room, I threw myself on my knees, covered with shame and confusion. From that day I resolved "to grind when the wind blew." Since that time, whenever a text opens itself to my mind, I note it down; and I have, perhaps, hundreds of sketches I never used, and never may. Preaching I consider to be my special business; and having been enabled to keep

this in view, every thing turns to sermons. Whether in company, travelling, walking, or in the fields, or whatever incidents arise, I find all bring the word of God to my mind, and turn to some account in reference to my work.

REV. JOHN BROWN.

The late Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, when a boy, was engaged in the service of a farmer in East Lothian. Having one day gone to Edinburgh market with grain, while his horses were resting and his companions asleep, he went to a bookseller's in Parliament Close, in search of a Greek Testament. The proprietor, standing at his door, was surprised to hear a poor boy ask for such a book, and inquired what he would do with it. "Why, read it, if it please your honour." "Can you read it?" "Why," replied the lad, "I will try at it." One of the shopmen having found one, put it into his hand, and the master said, "If you can read it, you shall have it for nothing." The boy took it, and having read a page, translated it with great ease. The bookseller would receive no money, though the boy, who had pulled out half-a-crown from a purse in his pocket, urged him to take it, knowing that to be the price of the book. About twenty years after this, a well-dressed man, with a wig and staff, came to the same shop. He addressed the bookseller, who, as formerly, was walking before the door, saying, "Sir, I believe I am your debtor." The bookseller said, "I do not know; but step in, and any of the young men will tell you." "But," replied he, "it is

to you personally, that I am indebted." Looking in his face, the other said, "Sir, I do not know that you owe me any thing." "Yes, I certainly do. Do you recollect that, about twenty years ago, a poor boy came and got a Greek Testament from you, and did not pay for it?" "Yes, perfectly," replied the bookseller, "and I have often thought of it; and the boy was no sooner gone, than I was angry with myself for not asking his name, and where he resided." "I," replied the clergyman, "was the boy; my name is Brown, and I live at Haddington." Upon looking again in his face, and giving him his hand, he said, "Mr. Brown, I am glad to see you, and have often heard of you. We have here in our shop your Self-interpreting Bible, your Church History, &c. which have brought me in much money; will you be so obliging as to dine with me?" The invitation was accepted, and a lasting friendship was formed between them.

REV. R. BRUCE.

The Rev. Robert Bruce was an eminent minister, who laboured at Edinburgh in the sixteenth century, and the early part of the seventeenth. He was remarkable for the powerful character of his ministry, and the success that attended it; which was considered to arise from the spirit of prayer with which God had favoured him. After his morning sermons, he was accustomed to retire to hold communion with Heaven, as a preparation for the afternoon service. One sabbath afternoon he was late at worship, and some noblemen, who had a considerable distance to ride

at the end of the service, sent to ascertain the time of his probable coming. The man returned and told them, " I think he will not come out this day; for I heard him constantly saying to some one, that he would not go without him, and I did not hear the other answer him a word at all." Mr. Bruce soon after appeared in the house of God, and the character of his labours showed his hearers with whom he had been wrestling in prayer, and that he had indeed both asked and enjoyed the Divine presence and blessing.

REV. W. TENNENT.

During the great revival of religion in America, which took place under Mr. Whitefield, and others distinguished for their piety and zeal at that period, Mr. Tennent was laboriously active, and much engaged to help forward the work; in the performance of which he met with strong and powerful temptations. The following is from his own lips:—

On the evening preceding public worship, he selected a subject for the discourse intended to be delivered, and made some progress in his preparations. In the morning he resumed the same subject, with an intention to extend his thoughts further on it; but was presently assaulted with a temptation that the Bible was not of Divine authority, but the invention of man. He instantly endeavoured to repel the temptation by prayer, but his endeavours proved unavailing. The temptation continued, and fastened upon him with greater strength as the time advanced for public service. He lost all the thoughts which he had

prepared on the preceding evening. He tried other subjects, but could get nothing for the people. The whole book of God, under that distressing state of mind, was a sealed book to him; and, to add to his affliction, he was "shut up in prayer:" a cloud, dark as that of Egypt, oppressed his mind.

Thus agonized in spirit, he proceeded to the church, where he found a large congregation assembled, and waiting to hear the word; and then he was more deeply distressed than ever; and especially for the dishonour which he feared would fall upon religion through him that day. He resolved, however, to attempt the service. He introduced it by singing a psalm, during which time his agitation increased to the highest degree. When the moment for prayer commenced, he arose, as one in the most painful and perilous situation, and with arms extended to heaven, began with this exclamation, "Lord, have mercy upon me." On the utterance of this petition, he was heard; the thick cloud instantly broke away, and light shone upon his soul. The result was a deep solemnity throughout the congregation; and the house, at the end of the prayer, was a place of weeping. He delivered the subject of his evening meditations, which was brought to his full remembrance, with an overflowing abundance of other weighty and solemn matter. The Lord blessed this discourse, so that it proved the happy means of the conversion of about thirty persons. This day he ever afterwards spoke of as "his harvest day."

CHAPTER II.

EXCELLENCES OF CHARACTER.

SECT. 1.—*Eminent Piety.*

REV. J. HERVEY.

MR. HERVEY was eminently pious, and diligently cultivated personal religion. His manservant slept in the room immediately above that of his master. One night, long after the family had retired, he awoke, and hearing the groans of his master in his bed-room, immediately went down and opened the door. But instead of finding his master in his bed, as he expected, he saw him prostrate on the floor, engaged in earnest prayer to God. Like Jacob, he wept and made supplication. Disturbed at this unseasonable interruption, Mr. H—, with his usual mildness, only said, "John, you should not have entered the room, unless I had rung the bell."

For some years before his death, Mr. Hervey visited but few persons belonging to the higher classes of society in his neighbourhood; and being asked why he declined visiting those who were always ready to show him every token of respect, he replied, "I can hardly name a polite family where the conversation turns upon the

things of God. I hear much frothy and worldly chit-chat, but not a word of Christ, and I am determined not to visit those companies where there is not room for my Master, as well as for myself."

REV. SAMUEL PEARCE.

The late Rev. S. Pearce, being one week-day evening in London, and not engaged to preach, asked a friend where he could hear a good sermon. Two places were mentioned. "Well," said Mr. P—, "tell me the characters of the preachers, that I may choose." "Mr. D—," said his friend, "exhibits the orator, and is much admired for his pulpit eloquence." "Well," said Mr. P—, "and what is the other?" "Why I hardly know what to say of Mr. C—; he always throws himself in the back ground, and you see his Master only." "That's the man for me, then," said the amiable Pearce; "let us go and hear him."

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

Lord North, during the American war, being gratified with a political pamphlet, written by the Rev. J. W. Fletcher, of Madeley, sent to that minister to know what service would be acceptable to him. Mr. Fletcher sent him word, that he wanted but one thing, which it was not in his lordship's power to give him: and that was, *more grace.*

REV. R. HALL.

In the year 1814, while the late Rev. Robert Hall was preaching among his old friends at

Cambridge, just before he commenced the application of his sermon, he uttered a short, but fervent ejaculatory prayer, during which the whole congregation arose from their seats. He seemed surprised at the moment, and but for a moment, and continued his prayer for about five minutes. He then resumed his sermon, and continued preaching for more than twenty minutes, in such a strain of magnificent and overwhelming eloquence, as the extraordinary incident might be expected to produce from powers and feelings like his, the whole congregation standing till the close of the sermon.

Mr. Hall, after the death of one of his children, appeared as usual in his pulpit on the following sabbath, and, under the influence of chastened and holy feeling, addressed his congregation from the language of David, after he had been deprived of his son; "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." He very properly remarked, that while the child was living, but doomed to die, the afflicted saint fasted, prayed, and wept, if peradventure his days might still be prolonged; but when the event was decided, he evinced his fortitude and deep submission to the will of Heaven. He arose from the earth, changed his mourning attire, and went up to the house of the Lord. The ordinary custom of abstaining from public worship, was accommodating ourselves to the false maxims of the world, and injurious to our spiritual interests. In a season of calamity, whither should we go, but to Him who alone is able to sustain and

comfort us, and to the place where he has promised to meet with us and bless us?

REV. A. FULLER.

Mr. F— was one day taken into the Bank of England, where one of the clerks, to whom he had occasion to speak, showed him some ingots of gold. He took one of them into his hand, examined it with some care, and then laying it down, remarked to his friend, "How much better to have this in the hand than in the heart!"

REV. E. ERSKINE.

A lady, who was present at the dispensation of the Lord's supper, where the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine was assisting, was much impressed by his discourse. Having been informed who he was, she went on the next sabbath to his own place of worship to hear him. But she felt none of those strong impressions she experienced on the former occasion. Wondering at this, she called on Mr. Erskine, and, stating the case, asked what might be the reason of such a difference in her feelings; he replied, "Madam, the reason is this: last sabbath you went to hear Jesus Christ preached; but to-day you have come to hear Ebenezer Erskine preach."

REV. MR. DUNN.

A person once asked the late Rev. Mr. Dunn, of Portsea, whether he thought a state of sinless perfection attainable in this life. Mr. D— replied, "Let us, my friend, endeavour after it as eagerly as if it were attainable."

BISHOP ANDREWS.

The bishop of Ely, in his funeral sermon for this excellent prelate, thus delineates his character:—His admirable knowledge in the learned tongues, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, besides other modern tongues, to the number of fifteen, as I am informed, was such, that he may well be ranked as one of the rarest linguists in christendom. Of this reverend prelate, I may say his life was a life of prayer. A great part of five hours every day he spent in prayer and devotion to God. After the death of his brother, Thomas Andrews, whom he loved dearly, he began to anticipate his own, which he said would be in the end of summer, ro the beginning of winter. And when his brother, Nicholas Andrews, died, he took that as a certain warning of his own death; and, from that time to the hour of his dissolution, he spent his time in prayer. During his last sickness he continued, when awake, to pray audibly, till his strength failed, and then, by lifting up his eyes and hands, showed that he still prayed; and even, when voice, eyes, and hands failed in their office, his countenance showed that he still prayed and praised God in his heart, till it pleased God to receive his blessed soul to himself, which was about four o'clock in the morning of monday, the 25th of September, 1626.

REV. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The following lines, which Dr. Doddridge wrote on the motto of his family arms, have been

much admired, as expressing, in a lively and pointed manner, the genuine spirit of a faithful servant of God. Dr. Johnson, when speaking of this epigram, praised it as one of the finest in the English language. "Whilst we live, let us live;" was the motto of the family arms; on which the doctor wrote:

"Live whilst you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live whilst you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my views, let both united be;
I live in pleasure whilst I live to thee.

SECT. 2.—*Humility.*

REV. MR. DURHAM.

A BEAUTIFUL example of humility was set by a father of the Scottish church. In walking to the place of worship in which he was to preach, along with a much-admired young minister, who was to officiate in one adjoining, multitudes were thronging into one, and only a few into the other. "Brother," said he to his young friend, "you will have a crowded church to-day." "Truly," said the other, "they are greatly to blame who leave you and come to me." Not, so, dear brother," replied Mr. Durham; "for a minister can receive no such honour and success in his ministry, except it be given him from Heaven. I rejoice that Christ is preached, and that his kingdom and interests are gaining ground

though my estimation in people's hearts should decrease; for I am content to be any thing, so that Christ may be all in all."

BISHOP HUTTON.

While Dr. Hutton, bishop of Durham, was once travelling between Wensleydale and Ingleton, he suddenly dismounted, delivered his horse to the care of one of his servants, and retired to a particular spot, at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down, and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring his reason for this singular act; when the bishop informed him, that when he was a poor boy, he travelled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had lain. His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgivings to God for the favours he had since shown him.

REV. R. HALL.

It is usually seen that true greatness is associated with humility and lowliness of mind. This was exemplified by the late Rev. Robert Hall. When he was at Leicester, there was an elderly person, long a member of his church, but differing from him in some theological views, who had formerly been attached to the ministry of his excellent father, at Arnsby, but could not so well enjoy the son's preaching. Meeting this person,

he said, "We should be glad to see you at our place, if you could attend only occasionally; for you were a friend of my father's, and have long been in fellowship with us, and it would pain me very much to have the connexion dissolved." "Ah!" was the reply, "I should be glad to attend, if you could but preach like your blessed father." "Well, I preach as well as I can, but you can hardly expect me to preach so well as my father; for he, you know, was an eminent man." This mild and gentle reply softened the objector, and retained in communion one whom he respected for his father's sake, and who was endeared to him by every fresh recollection.

AN AMERICAN MINISTER.

A clergyman in New England, eminent for talents, was one day accosted by a parishioner, who highly commended some of his performances, of which he himself had a very low opinion. After patiently hearing him a few minutes, the clergyman replied, "My friend, all that you say gives me no better opinion of myself than I had before, but it gives me a much worse opinion of you."

SECT. 3.—*Benevolence.*

BISHOP BUTLER.

THE late Rev. John Newton relates, that a friend of his once dined with Dr. Butler, then

bishop of Durham; and though the guest was a man of fortune, and the interview by appointment, the provision was no more than a joint of meat and a pudding. The bishop apologized for this plain fare, by saying that it was his manner of living, and that, being disgusted with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, he was determined it should receive no countenance from his example. Nor was this conduct the result of covetousness; for, large as were his revenues, such was his liberality to the poor, that he left at his death little more than enough to discharge his debts and pay for his funeral.

JOHN FOX.

John Fox, the celebrated author of the "Book of Martyrs," was remarkable for his piety. He devoted whole nights to prayer, withdrew as much as possible from all worldly pursuits, and was eminently skilled in imparting consolation to the afflicted. But, among all his excellences, none was more conspicuous than his liberality to the poor. What was sometimes offered him by the rich, (for he was himself sometimes distressed,) he accepted, but immediately gave it to those who had less than himself. So entirely did he give of his goods to the poor, that when he died, he possessed no ready money. This benevolence was maintained by a sense of the love of Christ, and was shown with a view to his glory. A friend once inquiring of him, if he recollected a poor man, whom he was accustomed to relieve, he replied, "Yes, I remember him well, and

would willingly forget lords and ladies to remember such as him."

BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

A violent Welsh squire, having taken offence at a poor curate who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, applied to the bishop of St. Asaph, with a formal complaint against him for impiously carrying on a trade, contrary to the statute. His lordship having heard the complaint, told the squire he might depend upon the strictest justice being done in the case; accordingly the mechanic divine was sent for a few days after, when the bishop asked him, how he dared to disgrace his diocese by becoming a mender of clocks and watches. The curate, with all humility, answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children." "That won't do with me," rejoined the prelate; "I will inflict such a punishment upon you, as will make you leave off your pitiful trade; I promise you:" and immediately calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished curate, to a living of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

REV. A. BOOTH.

Some years before the death of the late Rev. A. Booth, a particular friend said to him, "I find, sir, that you have lost a valuable member of your church." "Yes," he replied, "and she has left me a legacy;" at the same time adding, "There are those of her own family who stand more in need of it than I do." He then asked

his friend, whether, under such circumstances, he thought it would be right in him to receive it; for that he himself thought it would not. The legacy was, nevertheless, transferred to him, in conformity with the will of the deceased. Some time afterwards, Mr. Booth went to the Bank of England, and, without saying any thing more upon the subject to his friend, executed a transfer of the legacy to one nearly related to the family of the deceased, for whose benefit he relinquished it.

PAULINUS, BISHOP OF NOLA.

This good man, having spent his whole estate in redeeming christian captives, at last offered his own person to redeem the son of a poor widow; but the barbarians were so moved with his benevolence, that they sent him back, and released several captives to accompany him.

ARCHDEACON EVEILLON.

Some one was expressing surprise to Eveillon, canon and archdeacon of Angers, that none of his rooms were carpeted. "When I enter my house in the winter time," was his answer, "the floors do not tell me that they are cold; but the poor, who are trembling at my gate, tell me they want clothes."

REV. P. SKELTON.

The salary of the Rev. Philip Skelton, an Irish clergyman, arising from the discharge of his ministerial duties and from tuition, was very small; and yet he gave the larger part of it away, scarcely allowing himself to appear in decent

clothing. Returning one Lord's day from public worship, he came to a cabin where an awful fire had occurred. Two children had been burnt to death, and a third showed but faint signs of life. Seeing the poor people had no linen with which to dress the child's sores, he tore his linen from his back piece by piece for their use, and cheerfully submitted to the inconvenience to which it exposed him. Some time after this, when a scarcity of food was felt around him, he sold his library, though his books were the only companions of his solitude, and spent the money in the purchase of provisions for the poor. Some ladies hearing of this, sent him fifty pounds, that he might again obtain several of his most valued works; but while he gratefully acknowledged their kindness, he said he had dedicated the books to God, and then applied the fifty pounds also to the relief of his poor.

REV. DR. WAUGH.

The late Rev. Dr. Waugh having been called upon, in the earlier part of his ministry in London, to visit a gentleman of property, not one of his own congregation; after praying with him, on taking his leave, two guineas were placed in his hand. He asked, "For what is this, my dear sir?" "A small acknowledgment of your kind services." He instantly returned the money, remarking, with great solemnity, "My prayers are not to be bought, sir." He was again solicited to call on the same person, and on leaving the house, the servant put a sealed letter in his hand, and closed the door. After walking a few steps,

he opened it, and found it contained a five pound bank note. His family was large, and his means limited, but he returned to the house, and placing the money on the table, intreated the gentleman never again to acknowledge in such a manner any services which, by the blessing of God, he might render. It deserves to be mentioned that this gentleman afterward proved a kind friend to the doctor.

REV. C. J. LAVATER.

The following is an extract from the private diary of the Rev. J. C. Lavater, of Zurich, in Switzerland, dated Jan. 2, 1769 :—

Awoke at six o'clock—remembered that I am mortal: gave thanks to God; and read the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew. What a treasure of pure morality! I now went to my avocations, and continued them till noon.

My wife asked me, during dinner, what sentiment I had chosen for the day. "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow turn not thou away." "Pray, how is this to be understood?" said she. "Literally: we must take the words as if we heard Jesus Christ himself pronounce them. I am the steward, not the proprietor of my possessions."

Just as I arose from dinner, a widow desired to speak to me. "You will excuse me, dear sir," said she, "I must pay my rent, and I am six dollars short. I have been ill a whole month, and could scarcely keep my poor children from starving. I have laid by every penny, but I am six dollars short, and must have them to-day or

to-morrow; pray hear me, dear sir." Here she presented me a book enchased with silver. "My late husband," said she, "gave it me when we were betrothed. I part with it with reluctance, and know not when I can redeem it. O, dear sir, cannot you assist me?" "My poor woman, indeed I cannot." So saying, I put my hand in my pocket, and touched my money: it was about two dollars and a half. "It won't do," said I to myself; "and if it would, I shall want it." "Have you no friend," said I, "who would give you such a trifle?" "No, not a soul living; and I do not like to go from house to house; I would rather work whole nights. I have been told that you are a good-natured gentleman; and if you cannot assist, you will, I hope, excuse me for having given you so much trouble. I will try how I can extricate myself; God has never forsaken me; and I hope he will not begin to turn his back on me in my 76th year." The same moment my wife entered the room.

I was—O thou traitorous heart!—I was angry, ashamed, and should have been glad if I could have sent her away under some pretext or other, for my conscience whispered to me, "Give to him that asketh thee." My wife, too, whispered irresistibly in my ear, "She is a pious, honest woman; she has certainly been ill; assist her if you can." "I have no more than two dollars," said I, "and she wants six; how, therefore, can I answer her demand? I will give her something, and send her away." My wife squeezed my hand tenderly, smiling, and beseeching me by her looks. She then said aloud, what my

conscience had whispered to me before: "Give to him that asketh thee; and turn not away from him who would borrow of thee." I smiled, and asked her whether she would give her ring, in order to enable me do it. "With great pleasure," said she, pulling off her ring. The old woman was either too simple to observe this, or too modest to take advantage of it: however, when she was going, my wife told her to wait a little in the passage. "Were you in earnest, my dear, when you offered your ring?" said I, as soon as we were in private. "I am surprised that you can ask that question; do you thing I sport with charity? Remember what you said a quarter of an hour ago. You have been always so benevolent, and why are you now backward in assisting that poor woman? Why did you not give her what money you had in your purse? Do you not know that there are six dollars in your bureau, and that it will be quarter-day in ten days?" I pressed my wife to my bosom, and dropped a tear. "You are more righteous than I! Keep your ring; you have made me blush?" I then went to the bureau, and took the six dollars. When I was going to open the door, to call the widow, I was seized with horror, because I had said, "I cannot help you."—O thou traitorous tongue! thou deceitful heart!—"There, take the money," said I, "which you want." She seemed at first to suppose it was only a small contribution, and kissed my hand. But when she saw the six dollars, her astonishment was so great, that for a moment she could not speak. She then said, "How shall I thank you? I cannot

repay you; I have got nothing but this poor book, and it is old." "Keep your book and the money," said I, "and thank God, and not me. Indeed I do not deserve it, because I have hesitated so long to assist you. Go, and say not one word more."

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

The Rev. J. W. Fletcher, of Madeley, and his wife, once visited Dublin for a few weeks. After his last sermon, he was pressed to accept a sum of money as an acknowledgment for his important services. He firmly refused it, but his friend continued to urge it upon him. He at length took the purse in his hand, and said, "Well, do you really force it upon me? Must I accept of it? Is it entirely mine? And may I do with it as I please?" "Yes, yes," was the reply. "God be praised, then; God be praised," said he, casting his brimful eyes to heaven; "behold what a mercy is here! Your poor's fund was just out: I heard some of you complaining that it never was so low before. Take this purse. God has sent it you, raised it among yourselves, and bestowed it upon your poor. It is sacred to them. God be praised! I thank you, I heartily thank you, my dear kind brethren."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

Dr. Berkeley having conceived the benevolent project of converting the American savages to christianity, by means of a colony to be erected in the Bermudas, published a proposal for this purpose, in 1725; offering to resign his own opu-

lent preferment of the deanery of Derry, worth £1100 per annum, and to dedicate the remainder of his life to the instruction of the Indians, on the moderate allowance of £100 a year. Such was the influence of his distinguished example, that three of the junior fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, concurred with him in his design, and proposed to abandon all their flattering prospects in their own country, for a settlement in the Atlantic Ocean at £40 per annum. The dean set sail for Rhode Island; but not meeting with the promised support from the government, and after spending several years, and nearly all his private property, in the prosecution of this laudable scheme, he returned to Europe. This was not, however, until the bishop of London informed him that, on application to Sir Robert Walpole, he received the following honest answer: "If you put this question to me," said Sir Robert, "as a minister, I must and can assure you, that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether the dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of £10,000, advise him, by all means, to return home to Europe, and to give up his present expectations." The doctor, however, was made bishop of Cloyne on his return, and was certainly a most benevolent character.

SECT. 4.—*Consistency of Conduct.*

THE APOSTLE JOHN.

ECCLESIASTICAL historians have recorded, that when the apostle John was once on a tour, visiting the christian churches of that day, observing a youth of a remarkably interesting countenance, he warmly recommended him to the care of a particular pastor. The young man was baptized, and, for a time, lived as a christian; but, being gradually corrupted by bad company, he became idle and intemperate; and at length so dishonest, as to become the captain of a band of robbers. Some time after, John had occasion to inquire of the pastor concerning the young man, who told him, that he was now dead to God, and that he inhabited a mountain over against his church. John, in the vehemence of his charity, went to the place, and exposed himself to be taken by the robbers. "Bring me," said he, "to your captain." The young robber beheld him coming; and, as soon as he knew the aged and venerable apostle, he was struck with shame, and fled. John followed him, and cried, "My son, why fliest thou from thy father, unarmed and old? Fear not; as yet there remaineth hope of salvation. Believe me, Christ hath sent me." Hearing this, the young man stood still, trembled, and wept bitterly. John prayed, exhorted, and brought him back to the society of christians; nor did he leave him, till he judged him fully restored by Divine grace.

BISHOP BOULTER.

Bishop Boulter's constant habit, of forgiving the injuries done to him, led one of his friends to write the following lines, after his death, which must be considered the more beautiful as being true.

Some write their wrongs in marble—he, more just,
Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them in the dust;
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.
There, buried in the dust, he bade them lie;
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty's eye.

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

The commencement of the friendship which subsisted between the Rev. Messrs. Berridge and Fletcher for many years, is worthy of being placed on record. Soon after Mr. Fletcher had received ordination, on a journey to London, he made it in his way to call on Mr. Berridge, introducing himself as a new convert, who had taken the liberty of calling upon him for the benefit of his instruction and advice. From his accent and manners, Mr. Berridge perceived that he was a foreigner, and asked what countryman he was. "A Swiss, from the canton of Bern;" was the reply. "From Bern! Then, probably, you can give me some account of a young countryman of yours; one John Fletcher, who has lately preached a few times for the Wesleys, and of whose talents, learning, and piety, they both speak in terms of high eulogy. Do you know

him?" "Yes, sir, I know him intimately; and did those gentlemen know him as well, they would not speak of him in such terms, for which he is more obliged to them for their partial friendship, than to his own merits." "You surprise me," said Mr. Berridge, "in speaking so coldly of a countryman, in whose praise they are so warm." "I have the best reasons," he rejoined, "for speaking of him as I do—I am John Fletcher." "If you are John Fletcher," replied his host, "you must do me the favour to take my pulpit to-morrow; and when we are better acquainted, without implicitly receiving your statement, or that of your friends, I shall be able to judge for myself." Thus commenced an intimacy which even controversy could not destroy.

Mr. Fletcher accepted the living of Madeley in preference to another of more than double the value, which was offered him about the same time; his previous intercourse with the people having excited within him an affection which would not suffer him to be separated from them, and which remained unabated till his death. The circumstances connected with his appointment were remarkable and characteristic. One day Mr. Hill informed him that the living of Dunham, in Cheshire, then vacant, was at his service. "The parish," he continued, "is small, the duty light, the income good, (£400 per annum,) and it is situated in a fine healthy sporting country." After thanking Mr. Hill most cordially for his kindness, Mr. Fletcher added, "Alas! sir, Dunham will not suit me: there is

too much money, and too little labour." "Few clergymen make such objections," said Mr. Hill; "it is a pity to decline such a living, as I do not know that I can find you another. What shall we do? Would you like Madeley?" "That, sir, would be the very place for me." "My object, Mr. Fletcher," rejoined Mr. Hill, "is to make you comfortable in your own way. If you prefer Madeley, I shall find no difficulty in persuading the present vicar to exchange it for Dunham, which is worth more than twice as much." In this way he became vicar of Madeley, with which he was so perfectly satisfied, that he never afterwards sought honour or preferment.

REV. S. LOWELL.

The late Rev. Samuel Lowell, of Bristol, being once at Brighton, expressed a wish to walk on the Steyne, and to have the public characters pointed out to him. Amongst the rest, a celebrated comedian was noticed, "Ah," said Mr. L. "is that ——, my old school-fellow? I'll speak to him." He accosted him, and the following conversation took place.

Lowell. Sir, I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. ——.

Player. Yes, sir, my name is ——; but I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with you.

L. What! not know your old school-fellow, Samuel Lowell?

P. What! are you Samuel Lowell?

L. Yes, I am.

P. Well, I am very glad to see you; now tell me your history in five minutes.

L. First, my name is Samuel Lowell; I am a dissenting minister at Bristol, where I have lived upwards of twenty years; I have a large family.

P. So, you are a dissenting minister; well, you are a happy man, for you go to your work with pleasure, and perform it with pleasure: you are a happy man. *I go to my work like a fool, to please fools:* I am not a happy man.

A FRENCH CURATE.

When Racine composed the tragedy of Esther, to please madame Maintenon, she very strongly recommended it at court, and every one was charmed with the performance, except one honest curate, who refused to see it. Being very urgently pressed for his reasons, he told madame M. that she knew he was in the habit of publicly reprobating the stage from the pulpit, and, that though the tragedy of Esther was far different from the generality of plays, yet it was still known to be a play: adding, that were he to yield to the request, his hearers would compare his conduct with his sermons, and, in their practice, would pursue the course most suited to their sinful inclinations.

THE REV. D. BROWN.

The late Rev. D. Brown of Calcutta, on his voyage from England to India, was placed in circumstances which at once illustrated his character, and proved the advantages of christian principle. The following relation is in his own language:—"After my glass of claret, I declined taking more; when the captain forcibly

urged me, and would have taken my glass and filled it; but, with a determined air, I told him he might attempt as easily to shake Gibraltar as to shake me from my purpose. It was replied, 'Then you must sing.' I told them, I considered it as inconsistent with my character, and I could not oblige them by a violation of my judgment. This was followed by arguments on the necessity of being good company, and on the innocency of festivity. The captain observed, that we ought to accommodate ourselves to the spirit of the company we sit down with, and that it was good breeding and harmless to do so. I replied, that I was a great advocate for liberty; that I gave large scope to others to follow their own judgment, and that I valued myself upon this prerogative of man. I had opinions that I could not part with, to oblige any company whatever; that a man must be dastardly and unprincipled, who would, to please others, act contrary to his judgment, and thus give up the most precious right of human nature. That respecting the innocency of table singing, I would not hesitate to affirm, that some songs were really criminal, and to be justified by no rules of morality in the world, and that to me all seemed improper and inconsistent. I added, that it was contrary to good sense, as well as good breeding and all the laws of freedom, to press a person after such a declaration: and that I did not doubt but the present company, every one of them, would have as contemptible an opinion of me as I deserved should I comply and give up my opinion; and concluded by answering to the captain's argument,

saying, that I did not believe it would give him any satisfaction to hurt my feelings, but that I should disoblige him by granting what they had asked. To this the captain made a short and proper answer—That I should never more be pressed to any thing disagreeable, or contrary to my judgment, as long as I was in his ship."

ARCHBISHOP SHARP.

It was the custom of Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, to have a saddle horse attendant on his carriage, that in case of fatigue from sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. As he was once thus going to his palace, a mile or two before his carriage, a decent well-looking young man came up, and with a trembling hand and faltering tongue presented a pistol, and demanded his lordship's money. The archbishop with great composure turned about, and looking stedfastly at him, desired he would remove the murderous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, sir," cried the youth, with agitation, "no words—'tis not a time—your money instantly." "Hear me, young man," said the archbishop; "you see I am an old man, and my life is of very little consequence; yours seems far otherwise. I am named Sharp, and am archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind, tell me what money you want, and who you are, and I will not injure you, but prove a friend. Here, take this, and now tell me ingenuously how much you want to make you independent of so destructive a business as you are engaged in." "O sir," replied the man, "I detest the business as

much as you; I am—but at home there are creditors who will not stay—fifty pounds indeed, my lord, would do what no tongue beside my own can tell." "Well, sir, I take it on your word, and if you will in a day or two call on me, at ——, what I have now given shall be made up that sum." The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and at the time appointed actually waited on the archbishop, and assured his lordship his words had left an impression which nothing could ever destroy.

Nothing more transpired for a year and a half; when one morning a person knocked at the archbishop's gate, and with a peculiar earnestness desired to see him. The archbishop ordered the stranger to be brought in. He entered the room where his lordship was, but had scarcely advanced a few steps before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sank almost breathless on the floor. On recovering, he requested an audience in private, and the apartment being cleared, he said, "My lord, you cannot have forgotten the circumstances at such a time and place; gratitude will never suffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, in happiness to millions. O, my lord, you have saved me in body and soul! You have saved a dear and much loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I regarded dearer than my life. Here are the fifty pounds, but never shall I find language to testify what I feel. I was the younger son of

a wealthy man; your lordship knew him; my marriage alienated his affection; my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. A month since my brother died, a bachelor, and intestate. What was his, is become mine; and by your astonishing goodness, I am now at once the most penitent, grateful, and happy of my species."

REV. MR. KELLY.

The Rev. Mr. Kelly, of the town of Ayr, once preached an excellent sermon from the parable of the man who fell among thieves. He was particularly severe on the conduct of the priest, who saw him, and ministered not unto him, but passed by on the other side; and, in an animated and pathetic flow of eloquence he exclaimed, "What! not even the servant of the Almighty! he whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity, whose bosom was appointed the seat of brotherly love, whose heart the emblem of pity; did he refuse to stretch forth his hand, and to take the mantle from his shoulders to cover the nakedness of woe? If he refused, if the shepherd himself went astray, was it to be wondered at that the flock followed?" Such were the precepts of the preacher, and he practised what he preached. The next day, when the river was much increased, a boy was swept overboard, from a small boat, by the force of the current. A great concourse of people were assembled, but none of them attempted to save the boy; when Mr. Kelly, who was dressed in his canonicals, threw himself from his chamber window into the current, and

at the hazard of his own life saved that of the boy.

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

On the death of his father, archbishop Usher gave a full proof of his desire to renounce the world, and pursue his favourite object—the glory of God in the salvation of men. The paternal estate, which was of considerable value, descended to him as the eldest son and heir; but as it was encumbered with law-suits, the management of which he conceived would interfere with his studies, he determined to resign the whole to his brother and sisters, with the exception of what would procure him some books, and maintain him at college. Thus fully had the things of religion laid hold of his heart.

REV. DR. GILL.

After Dr. Gill had written against a gentleman whose publications he considered erroneous, he was waited on by some of his friends, who endeavoured to dissuade him from persevering, and among other things, they intimated to him that he might lose the subscriptions of some wealthy persons. "Do not tell me of losing," said the doctor; "I value nothing in comparison with the gospel. I am not afraid to be poor."

REV. S. POMFRET.

The Rev. Samuel Pomfret went, in the character of chaplain, a trading voyage to the Mediterranean, in company with a pious captain. They had on board the ship about one hundred men, and it was not long before he had an

opportunity of showing his intrepidity in the discharge of his duty. Two Algerine men of war made preparations to attack them, and the captain reminded Mr. Pomfret that it was customary, in the event of an engagement, for the surgeon and chaplain to go below, that thus they might be less exposed to danger. But, persuaded that his duty called him to be among those who were in peril of their lives, he replied, "I will remain above, and live or die with you." The captain was so delighted with his bravery, that he embraced him in his arms. Happily their enemies did not attack them.

REV. T. ROBINSON.

When the late Rev. Thomas Robinson first went to Leicester, there was a place of rendezvous, a sort of garden-seat, at the door of a bookseller, in the market-place, to which many persons resorted to discuss the news of the day, and which one of its frequenters called "The seat of the scornful." Here, amongst other subjects of debate, the merits and demerits of the new curate of St. Martin's were discussed. They were for the most part agreed that he was a *methodist;* but then, what is a methodist? One said his idea of a methodist, was a man who preached in a tree. Another said, one who never smiles. What could be done with this stranger and his new-fangled notions? Different expedients were suggested. Most of them were for applying to the vicar to dismiss him. But the wise man of the party reminded them that this would be a very uncertain expedient. They might

have another who was no better. "Your best way," added he, "would be to get a new Bible."

REV. S. WALKER.

After the late Rev. Samuel Walker, of Truro, had begun to feel the unspeakable importance of the truth as it is in Jesus, his preaching became of a different character to what it had previously been. When he urged the importance of regeneration, and devotedness to God, those who were living in a sensual and dissipated manner, or who were building their hopes of heaven on the morality of their lives, were offended. Accordingly, some of the most wealthy inhabitants of the town complained of him to the rector, and requested his dismission. The rector promised compliance with their wishes, and waited on Mr. Walker to give him notice to quit his curacy. He was received with much politeness and respect, and Mr. Walker soon took an opportunity, from some passing remark, to explain his views of the importance of the ministerial office, and the manner in which its duties ought to be performed. His sentiments and manner were such, that the rector went away without having accomplished his purpose. He endeavoured a second time to effect the wishes of the people, but was again so awed by Mr. W.'s superiority, that he could not speak to him on the subject. Being afterwards pressed by one of the principal persons on the topic, he replied, "Do you go and dismiss him, if you can; I cannot. I feel, in his presence, as if he were a being of a superior order, and am so abashed, that I am uneasy till I can retire from it."

SECT. 5.—*Earnestness.*

REV. T. PENTYCROSS.

ONE sabbath morning, the Rev. Thomas Pentycross, of Wallingford, while preaching to his own congregation, was so entirely engrossed with the importance of his subject, that he exceeded his usual time, and the clock struck *one*. After pausing a moment, he exclaimed with great energy, "*Time* reproves me; but *eternity* commends me!" and then resumed the discourse with much earnestness, continuing to preach for a considerable time longer in a very impressive manner.

HON. AND REV. W. B. CADOGAN.

Mr. Cecil states, in his life of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, that having once requested him to assist in the services at Christ Church, Spitalfields, though Mr. Cadogan had to go from Chelsea after doing the duty of his own church, he very readily consented. On ascending the pulpit, and perceiving the extent of voice necessary to fill one of the largest parish churches in London, crowded from end to end, he so exerted himself as to burst a vein, which filled his mouth and throat with blood. But deeply impressed with his subject, and animated with seeing so vast a multitude hanging upon his lips, he determined, if possible, to sustain the continued inconvenience. Some of his hearers perceived that something was amiss in his health, but his zeal

was so unrepressed by the accident, that he continued preaching for nearly an hour, so as to remind them of the Basils and Chrysostoms of other days —ministers of whom it was said, that they thundered in the pulpit, and lightned in conversation.

REV. G. WHITEFIELD.

In a company of noblemen and gentlemen, at breakfast, Mr. Whitefield having become the subject of conversation, one of the company asked the Rev. John Newton, who was present, if he knew Mr. Whitefield. He answered in the affirmative, and observed that, as a preacher, Mr. Whitefield far exceeded every other man of his time. Mr. Newton added, "I bless God that I lived in his time; many were the winter mornings I got up at four, to attend his tabernacle discourses at five; and I have seen Moorfields as full of lanterns at these times, as I suppose the Haymarket is full of flambeaux on an opera night." As a proof of the power of Mr. W.'s preaching, Mr. Newton mentioned, that an officer at Glasgow, who had heard him preach, laid a wager with another, that at a certain charity sermon, though he went with prejudice, he would be compelled to give something; the other, to make sure that he would not, laid all the money out of his pockets; but, before he left the church, he was glad to borrow some, and lose his bet. Mr. Newton mentioned, as another striking example of Mr. Whitefield's persuasive oratory, his collecting at one sermon £600 for the inhabitants of an obscure village in Germany, that had been burnt down. After sermon, Mr. Whitefield said,

"We shall sing a hymn, during which those who do not choose to give their mite on this awful occasion, may sneak off." Not one moved; he got down from the pulpit, ordered all the doors to be shut but one, at which he held the plate himself, and collected the above large sum. Mr. Newton related what he knew to be a fact, that at the time of Whitefield's greatest persecution, when obliged to preach in the streets, in one week he received not fewer than a thousand letters, from persons distressed in their consciences by the energy of his preaching.

A young man, who was a member of the college at Princeton, hearing that Whitefield was to preach in the neighbourhood, attended, anxious to satisfy himself whether the preacher really deserved all the celebrity he had acquired. The day was rainy, and the audience was small; and the preacher, accustomed to address thousands at once, did not feel his powers called forth as at other times. After hearing about one-third of the sermon, the young man said to himself, "The man is not so great a wonder after all—quite common place and superficial—nothing but show, and not a great deal of that;" and, looking round upon the audience, he saw that they also appeared uninterested, and that old father ——, who sat directly in front of the pulpit, and who always went to sleep after hearing the text and plan of the sermon, was enjoying a nap, as usual. About this time, Whitefield stopped. His face went rapidly through many changes, till it looked more like a rising thunder-cloud than any thing

else; and beginning very deliberately, he said, "If I had come to speak to you in my own name, you might rest your elbows on your knees, and your heads upon your hands and sleep; and once in a while look up and say, 'What does the babbler talk of?' But I have not come to you in my own name. No; I have come to you in the name of the Lord God of hosts, and"—here he brought down his hand and foot at once, so as to make the whole house ring again,—"and I must and will be heard." Every one in the house started, and old father —— among the rest. "Ay, ay," continued the preacher, looking at him, "I have waked you up, have I? I meant to do it. I am not come here to preach to stocks and stones; I have come to you in the name of the Lord God of hosts, and I must, and I will have an audience." The congregation was fully aroused, and the remaining part of the sermon produced a considerable effect.

An extraordinary attestation to the excellence of Mr. Whitefield, as a preacher, was furnished by Hume, the historian, well known for his infidelity. An intimate friend having asked him what he thought of Mr. Whitefield's preaching, "He is, sir," said Mr. Hume, "the most ingenious preacher I ever heard: it is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him." He thenrepeated the following passage, which occurred towards the close of the discourse he had been hearing; "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitefield thus addressed his numerous audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold,

and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and with gushing tears, cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! Stop, Gabriel! Stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.' He then, in the most simple, but energetic language, described what he called a Saviour's dying love to sinful man, so that almost the whole assembly melted into tears. This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

Happy had it been for Mr. Hume, if, in addition to his admiration of the preacher, he had received the doctrine which he taught, and afforded an instance of that conversion to God which Mr. Whitefield so ardently longed for on behalf of his hearers.

The following anecdote, related by Dr. Franklin, which is equally characteristic of the preacher and himself, further illustrates the power of Mr. Whitefield's eloquence:—"I happened," says the doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the cop-

per. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, —gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club; who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour, who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was made to, perhaps, the only man in the company who had the coldness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

REV. JOHN BROWN.

The eminence of the late Mr. Brown, of Haddington, both as a preacher and a writer, is well known. On a public occasion, where a man who professed the principles of infidelity was present, two sermons were delivered: the first of them by an ambitious young man, who delivered a very eloquent and florid address; Mr. Brown followed, in one equally remarkable for its simplicity and earnestness. "The first preacher," said the sceptic to one of his friends, "spoke as if he did not believe what he said; the latter, as if he was conscious that the Son of God stood at his elbow."

MONSIEUR DU PLESSIS.

Marmontel has recorded an impressive fact as to the preaching of this distinguished Roman catholic minister. Du Plessis one day preached on the day of judgment. He brought his hearers, as it were, to the bar of God; interrogated them respectively, answered for them, and pronounced their sentences. At length he came to himself: "And who are you?" then exposing his hoary locks, he answered with a trembling voice, and a downcast head, "I am the missionary Du Plessis:" he then lamented the little fruit that he had produced during his ministry, acknowledged his weakness and unworthiness; and, falling on his knees, and imploring mercy, he conjured the righteous souls that were present to unite their supplications with that of a miserable sinner, to prevail in his behalf with the sovereign Judge. His hearers were struck with consternation at this most unexpected address.

A COUNTRY MINISTER.

A minister having to preach from that solemn passage, Isaiah xxxiii. 14, "The sinners in Zion are afraid—Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire?—with everlasting burnings?" began his discourse as follows:—

"The application of a sermon is usually at the close of it; but were we for once to apply the subject at the beginning, it would probably increase our seriousness, and render all the rest of the sermon more useful. Let us then put the latter part of the words to ourselves; and ask,

'Who among us shall dwell with devouring fire?' Shall any of us? Is it not probable that some of us shall? And if so, Which of us? Where do the persons sit? In the galleries, or below? Methinks each of you is saying, 'Is it I? Is it I?' Ah! could we point out the individual, and say, 'Thou art the man! Thou art the woman!' how would every eye be fixed on that unhappy person; and how would the individual feel! Now, though it is not for us to speak in this manner to any one person, yet we may clearly point out, from the scriptures of truth, who it is, that, without 'repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ,' must, indeed, dwell with everlasting burnings. May the Holy Spirit so assist us in the important inquiry, that many may be stirred up to flee from the wrath to come!"

A BLIND MINISTER.

A traveller, who passed through Virginia some years ago, describes a very interesting scene which he witnessed in that country. James Waddell, a blind man, tall in person, with shrivelled hands, and a voice shaking under the influence of palsy and age, was about to administer the ordinance of the Lord's supper; when he represented, in graphic and sublime language, the sufferings and the resignation of the Saviour, till he burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief, while the house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs of the congregation. When silence was restored, so that he could proceed, the first sentence that he uttered, was a quotation

from Rosseau; "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!" The effect is described as overwhelming; nor did it end with the occasion. The traveller states, that the picture of the good old preacher, with his artless, serious, and dignified manner, was, long after, before his mind; and that the recollection of the scene he witnessed produced a considerable effect upon him.

REV. E ERSKINE.

The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine was once preaching in the open air at Glendovare, in Scotland, and, pressing on his hearers the importance of at once acceding to the offer of salvation, said, "You will perhaps tell me that you *cannot* believe? Very true, you cannot; but the offer of Christ to sinners is the mean by which they are enabled to receive him; and, if I had a commission from my great Lord and Master, I would offer him to these rocks, and they would answer me." He pronounced these last words with a considerable elevation of voice; and, there being an echo in the place, the word *rocks* was immediately reverberated.

MASSILLON.

In a sermon by Massillon, preached before the French court, he thus addressed his audience:—

"I confine myself to you, my brethren, who are here assembled. I speak not now of the rest of mankind; I consider you as though you were the only inhabitants of the earth: and this is a thought which occupies and alarms me. I suppose this to be your last hour, and the end of the world; that the heavens over your heads are

opening, Jesus Christ appearing in his glory in the midst of this church, and that you are assembled here to meet him; and, like trembling criminals, about to receive sentence, either of pardon or of eternal death: for it is to no purpose to flatter yourselves, you will all die such as you are this day; all these desires of a change which amuse you, will amuse you till you come to your death-bed: it is the experience of all ages. All the change that you will then find in yourselves will, perhaps, be a longer account to give up than you would now have; and you may almost decide from what you would be at the present moment, if called to judgment, what will be your condition when called out of life. Now I ask you, and struck with tears, I ask the question, not separating in this matter my lot from yours, and placing myself in the same disposition as I wish you to be in, I ask you then—If Jesus were to appear in this church, in the midst of this assembly, the most august of any in the world, to judge us, to make the just discrimination between the sheep and the goats, do you think the greatest number of us who are here would be placed on his right hand? Do you think that there would be an equal number on each side? Do you think that the number of ten righteous only, which the Lord could not find in five cities, would be found amongst us? I ask you this question.—You cannot tell, nor can I tell. Thou only, O God, knowest thine own! But if we know not who belong to him, we know at least that sinners do not belong to him. Now, who are believers? Titles and dignities are of no

account; you will be stripped of them in the presence of Jesus Christ. Who are they? Many sinners who would not be converts; and still more who wish for it, and yet defer the time of their conversion; many others who after their conversion relapse into their former faults; and lastly, a great number who do not think they need any conversion: those are the reprobates. Retrench from this holy assembly these four sorts of sinners: for at the great day they will be cut off from it: and now, ye righteous, make your appearance. Where are you? Remnant of Israel, go to the right! Ye who are the wheat, and belong to Jesus Christ, separate yourselves from this chaff which is appointed for burning. Oh, Lord! where are thine elect, and what is left for thy possession?"

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

When the Rev. J. W. Fletcher, of Madeley, was once preaching on Noah as a type of Christ, and while in the midst of a most animated description of the terrible day of the Lord, he suddenly paused. Every feature of his expressive countenance was marked with painful feeling; and, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, he exclaimed, "Wretched man that I am! Beloved brethren, it often cuts me to the soul, as it does at this moment, to reflect, that while I have been endeavouring, by the force of truth, by the beauty of holiness, and even by the terrors of the Lord, to bring you to walk in the peaceable paths of righteousness, I am, with respect to many of you who reject the gospel, only

tying mill-stones round your neck, to sink you deeper in perdition!" The whole church was electrified, and it was some time before he could resume his discourse.

REV. DR. WAUGH.

The following pleasing occurrence was related by a zealous missionary to the heathen:—

On the 13th of April, 1814, the late Rev. Dr. Waugh preached at Bridport. His text was, "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mountain at Jerusalem." The words, "ready to perish," furnished him with solemn, awful, melting views of the miserable condition of the heathen. The "blowing of the great trumpet," drew forth every feeling of his mighty mind. He did blow it, indeed, with power and sweetness too. It was the trumpet of the gospel. It suited him. He loved it. It was sweet melody from his lips. It proclaimed salvation! After expatiating for some time on this particular, he raised his voice with uncommon energy; his eyes flashed fire as he spake; he seemed as if he would have sprung over the pulpit to his auditors, while he exclaimed, "We want men of God to blow this great trumpet to the heathen, and we must have them! The heathen are 'ready to perish;' and they will perish if the great trumpet does not bring them the joyful sound. I say again, 'We want men of God to blow this great trumpet, and we must have them!'" Then, after this peal of thunder,

he paused, and, in a softened melting tone, inquired, "Is there not one young disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ present, who has love enough in his heart to his Divine Master to volunteer his services, and to say, 'I will go!'"—This word reached my heart; it penetrated my inmost soul. I silently said, "Yes, Lord, if thou wilt help me, I will go. There is not in this congregation a greater debtor to mercy; and, perhaps, there is not one present who has more ardently longed to be engaged in missionary work. If thou wilt accept me, O Lord, I will go."

M. BOURDALOUE.

The different effects produced by pulpit eloquence are well described by the following anecdote of two French preachers. Le Pere Arrius said, "When Le Pere Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, physicians their sick, and tavern-keepers their bars; but, when I preached the following year, I set all things to rights—every man minded his own business!"

REV. S. LAVINGTON.

The late Rev. Samuel Lavington, of Bideford, has been described as one of the most impressive preachers of his day. He was eminently devoted to the study of his Bible, and to prayer. The effect of his preaching was very strikingly exhibited at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Seaward, at Barnstaple. He introduced his discourse by using the following language:—"What a multitude is here assembled to see an ordination!

Many of you were perhaps never present at such a solemnity before; and I should be very sorry if, when the assembly breaks up, you should go away with visible disappointment, and say, 'Is that all?' Why, 'what came ye out for to see?' Did you expect to see a number of apostles met together, to lay their hands upon the head of a young minister, and communicate to him some miraculous powers? Alas! we have them not ourselves. If we had, you should not take all this trouble for nothing. If we had, you should have something by which to remember an ordination as long as you live. If the Holy Ghost were at our command, most gladly would we lay our hands upon you all; and this assembly should be like that mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles: 'While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.' But what we cannot command we may humbly and earnestly supplicate. Shall I then beg the favour of you, to join with me in this short ejaculation to the God of all grace?—'O God the Lord, to whom belong the issues from death, pour out thy Spirit upon all in this assembly; and command on every one of us a blessing out of Zion, even life for evermore. Amen.'" The congregation, abstracted for the moment from all other objects, forgot the order of worship, rose from their seats, joined in the collect, and then resumed their places with the greatest solemnity.

SECT. 6.—*Simplicity of Language.*

REV. DR. CAMPBELL.

"Is not Mr. B. a deep preacher?" asked a friend of the late Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Aberdeen. "Eh!" replied the doctor, smiling, "I will tell you a story, sir. When I was a boy, I was amusing myself, with some other boys, in a pool. Some of them were going further in than I was disposed to go, and I was frightened. To a man, who was passing by, I called out, 'Is this pool deep?' 'No, man,' replied he; 'it is only *muddy*.' There is such a thing as preaching the deep things of God, which will be neither understood nor relished by the natural man. But it is very possible to preach the plain truths of the gospel, in a language and style which at once clothe them with mystery, and expose them to ridicule. It ought never to be forgotten that the gospel is a *revelation;* and that it is by *manifestation* of the truth, that the preacher is to commend himself to every man's conscience. I have heard of a minister discussing the *unrevealed* glories of Christ. This may be *deep* preaching; I am sure it must be very nonsensical and unprofitable."

REV. J. COTTON.

The Rev. John Cotton was an eminent minister of the seventeenth century, who laboured for many years at Boston, in Lincolnshire. When at the university of Cambridge, he was remarkable for learning and eloquence; and being called upon

to preach at St. Mary's church in that town, high expectations were raised as to the character of the sermon. After many struggles in his own mind, arising from the temptation to display his talent and learning, and from a powerful impression of the importance of preaching the gospel with all simplicity, he at length wisely determined on the latter course. The vice-chancellor and students were not pleased, though a few of the professors commended his style; but his sermon was blessed to the conversion of Dr. Preston, who became one of the most eminent ministers of his day.

REV. DR. EVANS.

The late Rev. Dr. C. Evans, of Bristol, having once to travel from home, wrote to a poor congregation, to say that he should have occasion to stay a night in their village, and that if it were agreeable to them, he would give them a sermon. The poor people hesitated for some time, but at length permitted him to preach. After sermon he found them in a far happier mood than when he first came among them, and could not forbear inquiring into the reason of all this. "Why, sir, to tell you the truth," said one of them, "knowing that you were a very learned man, and that you were a teacher of young ministers, we were much afraid we should not understand you; but you have been quite as plain as any minister we ever hear." "Ay, ay," the doctor replied, "you entirely misunderstood the nature of learning, my friend: its design is to make things so plain that they cannot be misunderstood."

Similar was the view of archbishop Leighton, who says, in one of his charges to his clergy, "How much learning, my brethren, is required to make these things plain!"

REV. J. WESLEY.

In June, 1790, the Rev. J. Wesley preached at Lincoln: his text was, Luke x. 42: "One thing is needful." When the congregation were retiring from the chapel, a lady exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise, "Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why, the poorest might have understood him." The gentleman, to whom this remark was made, replied, "In this, madam, he displays his greatness; that, while the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and cannot be offended."

REV. R. HALL.

This distinguished preacher was once asked what he thought of a sermon which he had just heard delivered, and which had appeared to produce a great sensation among the congregation. His reply may suggest an important hint to some christian ministers:—"Very fine, sir; but a man cannot live upon flowers."

LUTHER.

On one occasion, during the sixteenth century, the principal reformers having been called together, several of them preached. Luther, though unwell, preached with much energy, from the words, "Go ye into all the world, and

preach the gospel to every creature." Myconius wrote to a friend, that he had often heard Luther preach, but on this occasion, he seemed not so much to speak, as to thunder forth the name of Christ from heaven itself. After Bucer's sermon, he supped with Luther, who, in the course of conversation, commended the discourse of his guest; but added that he himself was a better preacher. Bucer received this apparently rude remark with his accustomed mildness, and readily declared his assent. Luther then spoke seriously, and said, " Do not think that I mean to boast foolishly; I well know my own deficiencies, and that I am unable to deliver such an ingenious and learned discourse as we have this day heard from you; but, when I am in the pulpit, I consider who my hearers are: and because the greater part are an unlearned and simple people, I preach what I think they can understand. But you take a higher flight, so that your discourses suit learned people, but are not understood by our poor people. In this I act like a kind mother who gives her craving infant the breast, thus feeding it with her own milk as well as she is able, and thinks this better for its nourishment than if mixed with the sweetest and choicest syrups and preparations of art."

REV. S. KILPIN.

On one occasion, whilst the late Rev. S. Kilpin was preaching, but not in his own pulpit, he mentioned the great God by the name of " the Deity." A sailor, who was listening, immediately started from his seat, his elbows fully spread,

and exclaimed aloud, "Deity! well, who is He? is He our God-a-mighty?" The attendants were about to turn him out; but the minister stood reproved, and requested him to resume his seat, with the remark, "Yes, my friend, I did mean the almighty God." The sailor rejoined, "I thought so, but was not quite sure; I never heard that name before." The humbled minister replied, "You had a right to inquire; I was to blame: whilst delivering God's message of mercy and justice to immortal souls, I ought not to have given my Divine Master a name which prevented the message from being understood." "Thank you, sir," was the sailor's reply; and he looked as though he would have devoured the remaining part of the sermon. After the service, he came and begged pardon for the interruption; and, with a sailor's frankness, requested the kind gentleman to take some refreshment with him, to make it up.

REV. MR. DOD.

The celebrated puritan, Dod, took great care to speak to the meanest understanding, and to feed the lambs, saying, he must stoop to the lowest capacity; and, if he could reach *them*, others might help themselves. He could not endure that ministers should use hard and unusual English; and said that most ministers in England usually shoot over the heads of their hearers. He did not strive to speak all that might be said to a point, nor to show variety, or please curiosity; but to speak to the heart. He would say that there were many tricks and devices that

some men used in preaching, but they seldom did good; the pure gospel, and that preaching which the world counted foolishness, was that which worked most kindly.

DR. MANTON.

Dr. Harris relates, that while Dr. Manton was minister at Covent Garden, he was called on to preach before the lord mayor, and the companies of the city, at St. Paul's. He studied for the occasion an elaborate discourse, and was heard by the most intelligent part of his congregation with great admiration. But, as he was returning home in the evening, a poor man pulled the sleeve of his gown, and asked if he was the gentleman who had preached before the lord mayor in the morning. On the doctor's replying in the affirmative, the man added, "Sir, I came with the hope of getting some good for my soul, but I was greatly disappointed; for I could not understand a great deal of what you said; you were quite above me." The doctor wept, and replied, "Friend, if I did not give *you* a sermon, you have given *me* one; and, by the grace of God, I will never again play the fool, in preaching before my lord mayor in such a manner."

SECT. 7.—*Improvement of Time.*

REV. R. CECIL.

IT is recorded of the late Rev. R. Cecil, that he never seemed weary of his studies. They were

not only his business, but his enjoyment and recreation, and he used to call them his *rest*. He felt any interruptions of them required acts of self-denial, and always returned to his study with pleasure. Few more carefully aimed to redeem time, and to spend it only in what was worthy of a man and a christian minister; often repeating—

> For at back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
> And onward, all before I see
> Deserts of vast eternity.

DR. A. THOMSON.

A student, who had passed his examinations at the Divinity Hall, called upon the late Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, for the purpose of submitting his certificate for preaching, and of obtaining the doctor's signature to the instrument. The young candidate was directed to call for it on the morrow. "At what time?" "Any hour after six o'clock in the morning." The student resolved to take the doctor at his word. The morning had scarcely dawned ere he directed his steps towards Melville Street, the place of his residence, and as soon as the clock had struck six, he rang the bell, and inquired if Dr. Thomson was to be spoken with. The servant directed him to enter, and upon the door of the study being opened, the doctor was seen seated at his writing-desk, who upon being applied to for the certificate, took it off the table and presented it to its owner. It had been previously examined and signed. A lesson this to all morning slumberers; and especially to students and junior ministers!

DR. RULE AND PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

In the early part of the reign of king William III. the university of Edinburgh had, at the same time, two bright ornaments, Dr. Rule, M.D. and Mr. Campbell, professor of divinity. Dr. R. was also an acceptable and tried minister. The lodging rooms of these two eminent men stood so as that the windows were opposite to each other, though at some distance. Dr. Rule used to sit up late at his studies, and it was professor Campbell's custom to rise very early in the morning; so that many times the doctor's candle would not be put out by the time Mr. Campbell's was lighted. The one, their friends used to call the evening star; and the other, the morning star. They lived together in great love, and a most intimate friendship subsisted between them till death. The doctor died but a little time before Mr. Campbell. When the tidings came to Mr. C. that the doctor was departed, he was deeply impressed. He presently recovered himself, and said, "that the evening star was gone down, and the morning star would soon disappear."

REV. S. BREWER.

The late Rev. Samuel Brewer, of Stepney, was distinguished through life for punctuality. When a youth, in college, he was never known to be a minute behind time in attending the lectures of the tutors, or the family prayers, at which the young men who boarded in private families were expected to assemble. One morning the students were assembled: the clock struck seven, and all

rose up for prayer; but the tutor, observing that Mr. Brewer was not present, paused awhile. Seeing him enter the room, he thus addressed him: "Sir, the clock has struck, and we were ready to begin; but, as you were absent, we supposed the clock was too fast, and therefore waited." The clock was actually too fast by some minutes.

REV. MATTHEW WILKS.

An aged American minister states, that in the early part of his ministry, being in London, he called on the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. Mr. W. received him with courtesy, and entered into conversation, which was kept up briskly till the most important religious intelligence in possession of each had been imparted. Suddenly there was a pause—it was broken by Mr. W. "Have you any thing more to communicate?" "No, nothing of special interest." "Any further inquiries to make?" "None." "Then you must leave me; I have my Master's business to attend to—good morning." "Here," says the minister, "I received a lesson on the impropriety of intrusion, and on the most manly method of preventing it."

BISHOP HALL.

In a letter, which this excellent prelate wrote to his friend lord Denny, he gives an account of the way in which christians should spend their days, and from many circumstances it is evident, that he delineated the manner in which he himself spent them, so far as it was in his power.

"I desire to awake, not when I will, but when

I must; pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health. Now when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever wake with God. My first thoughts are for Him, who hath made the night for rest, and the day for labour; and as he gives, so he blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with his presence, it will savour of him all the day after.

"While my body is dressing, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task; bethinking what is to be done, and in what order; and marshalling, as it may, my hours with my work. That done, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and sitting down among them, I dare not reach forth my hand to any of them till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred; without whom, I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over-great variety, I cull forth those which may best suit my occasions—always God's book: that day is lost whereof some hours are not improved in those Divine monuments. Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions; not without some short preparation. These heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety. Now I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One hour is spent in textual divinity; another in controversy; histories relieve them both. Now when the mind is weary of other

labours, it begins to undertake her own; sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use; sometimes it lays forth unto present discourse; sometimes for itself, oftener for others.

"Thus could I, all day, as ringers use, make myself music with changes; and complain oftener of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. Company, discourse, recreations are now seasonable and welcome. These prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous but medicinal. The palate may not be pleased, but the stomach, and that not for its own sake. Neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves; but in their use, in their end, so far as they may strengthen me for better things. If I see any dish to tempt the palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial. I rise capable of more, not desirous; not now immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission. After my latter meal my thoughts are slight; only my memory may be charged with her task of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day, and my heart is busy in examining all my senses of that day's behaviour.

"And now the evening is come, no tradesman does more carefully take in his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts, and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, who, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, call-

ing together my family, we end the day with God."—He then says, that his practice is not to be an example for all, the lives of different ranks and callings must be different; yet all must conspire in honest labour.—"Sweat is the destiny of all trades; whether of the body or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, who spend the time as if it were given to them, and not lent! as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for! as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: 'Item, spent upon my pleasures, forty years!' These men shall find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God, than that which they desire to cast away, TIME.

"Such are my common days. But God's day calls for other respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it; yet because the Sun of righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it, therefore justly do we sing with the psalmist, 'This is the day which the Lord hath made!' Now I forget the world, and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who at some times of their privacy forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work or pleasure, but heavenly. I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much

ment eternity depends :" a most important consideration, which should never be forgotten in the house of God, either by the preacher or his hearers.

Such was the course of life which enabled bishop Hall to produce his numerous and valuable writings. He sought the Divine blessing in all his works, and it was imparted unto him.

REV. S. BOTTOMLEY.

The Rev. Samuel Bottomley, for the long period of fifty-seven years the pastor of a christian congregation at Scarborough, in the beginning of his ministry, had inscribed on the dial in his chapel the impressive sentiment, "On this modevotion; easy, in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day; and according to my care of this is my blessing on the next."

REV. HENRY JESSEY.

The Rev. Henry Jessey, who lived in the seventeenth century, placed over his study door some lines in Latin, of which the following is a translation :—

> "Whatever friend comes hither,
> Dispatch in brief, or go,
> Or help me busied too."

CHAPTER III.

DEVOTEDNESS TO THEIR DUTIES.

HOOKER.

Of the devotedness and piety of this distinguished minister and author, Isaac Walton, his biographer, gives many striking proofs. He was rector of Bishop's Bourne, between Canterbury and Dover. His profound attention to learning, and his holy life induced very many to visit him. And, as Walton asks, "What went they out for to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen? No, indeed; but an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study, and holy mortification; his face full of heat-pimples, on account of his inactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour: God blessed him with so great a bashfulness, that as, in his younger days, his pupils might easily look him out of countenance; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face; and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with

both their hats on, or both off at the same time; and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak sighted; and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended." His life was devoted to worship and labour. He diligently preached to his people, and catechised them; always aiming to be simple; "never labouring by hard words, and then by needless distinctions, and subdistinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself; but glory only to God." Which intention, he would often say, "was as discernible in a preacher, as an artificial from a natural beauty." He was eminent for private fasting and prayer, for consistency of conduct, and for the recommendation of a holy and peaceable disposition. He died in the year 1600.

HON. AND REV. W. B. CADOGAN.

Perhaps few men have, on the whole, manifested more decision of character, and more indifference to the prospects of the world, than did the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan. His biographer gives the following conversation between him and a noble lord.

"What," said the lord, "do you mean to do? You have made, or rather marred your fortune; indeed, all hopes of preferment are quite gone." A stall at Westminster had been promised to Mr. C., and was just then given to another; to this his lordship was supposed to allude, as both well knew on what account Mr. C. had been passed by. He replied, "I am endeavouring,

my lord, to obtain preferment in another world, where no one fails who attempts it. All worldly preferment is uncertain; we cannot hold it long, nor secure it one hour; I will therefore endeavour to secure a treasure where no moth corrupts, and where no thief can steal." "As to that world," replied his lordship, "I know no more about it than others who were never there." Mr. C. answered, "I never saw it, my lord; I know likewise but little about it; but my Bible tells me there remaineth a rest for the people of God. I believe that book to be Divine; its evidence appears to me to be irresistible; I am determined, therefore, to stake my fortune upon what God hath promised in his word; and the day will soon arrive that will determine who is right." "Well," said his lordship, "you must enjoy your opinion, and pay for it." "With all my heart," replied Mr. C.; "I have a faithful God to go to, and am not afraid to trust him; nor shall I want preferment while I can commit all that concerns me to him. I sometimes, my lord, get a glimpse of that world above, which makes all I see in this poor indeed." Here both were silent; and his lordship seeming disposed to move, Mr. C. retired.

MASSILLON.

There were some features in the character of this distinguished French preacher by no means of an ordinary kind. When he was once asked, where a man like him, whose life was dedicated to retirement, could borrow his admirable descriptions of real life, he answered, "From the

human heart; however little we may examine it, we shall find in it the seeds of every passion. When I compose a sermon, I imagine myself consulted upon some doubtful piece of business. I give my whole application to determine the person who has recourse to me to act the good and proper part. I exhort him, I urge him, and I quit him not till he has yielded to my persuasions."

On preaching the first Advent sermon at Marseilles, Louis XIV. paid a most expressive tribute to his eloquence:—"Father, when I hear others preach, I am very well pleased with them; when I hear you, I am dissatisfied with myself."

The first time this great preacher delivered his sermon on the small number of the elect, the whole audience were, in one part of it, in so violent a state of emotion, that almost every person half rose from his seat, as if to shake off the horror of being one of those that would be cast out into everlasting darkness. So remarkably were all his strokes aimed at the heart.

When Baron, the actor, came from hearing one of Massillon's sermons, he said to a person of the same profession, who accompanied him, "Here is an *orator;* we are only *actors.*"

REV. G. WHITEFIELD.

The late Rev. Rowland Hill, when a young man, was once on a visit to Mr. Whitefield. The latter was requested to call on a poor woman, who had been so dreadfully burnt, that she could

not survive many hours. He went immediately, and prayed with her. He had no sooner left her, than she called out, " Oh, where is Mr. Whitefield?" Urged by her entreaty, her friends requested him to visit her a second time. He complied, and again prayed with her. The poor afflicted woman continued still to desire his presence. When her friends came for him a third time, " I begged of him," said Mr. Hill, " not to go; for he could scarcely expect to do any good. Your nerves are too weak, your feelings are too acute, to endure such scenes. I shall never forget his mild reproof. ' Leave me; my Master can save to the uttermost, to the *very uttermost.*'"

A baronet was one day examining some works of the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Bacon, and observed a bust of Mr. Whitefield among them, which led him to remark, " After all that has been said, this was truly a great man; he was the founder of a new religion." " A new religion, sir!" replied Mr. B. " Yes," said the baronet; " what do you call it?" " Nothing," was the reply, " but the old religion revived with new energy, and treated as if the preacher meant what he said."

From a memorandum book, in which Mr. Whitefield recorded the times and places of his ministerial labours, it appears that from the period of his ordination to that of his death, which was thirty-four years, he preached upwards of *eighteen thousand sermons*. It would be difficult to tell the many thousand miles that he travelled.

REV. DR. COKE.

This eminent minister, who to a very great extent obeyed the Divine command, "Go ye, and preach the gospel to every creature," extended his labours to the most distant parts of the earth, and preached in the greatest variety of situations, and under the most varied circumstances. At Raleigh, the seat of Government for North Carolina, in the United States, he obtained the use of the House of Commons; the members of both houses attended, and the speaker's seat served for a pulpit. At Annapolis, he occupied the theatre. "Pit, boxes, and gallery," says he, "were filled with people, according to their ranks in life; and I stood upon the stage, and preached to them, though at first, I confess, I felt a little awkward."

But preaching in the forests delighted Coke the most. "It is," said he, "one of my most delightful entertainments, to embrace every opportunity of engulphing myself (if I may so express it) in the woods: I seem then to be detached from every thing but the quiet vegetable creation, and my God. Sometimes a most noble vista, of half a mile or a mile in length, would open between the lofty pines; sometimes the tender fawns and hinds would suddenly appear, and on seeing or hearing us, would glance through the woods, or vanish away. The deep green of the pines, the bright transparent green of the vales, and the fine white of the dogwood flowers, with other trees and shrubs, form such a complication of beauties, as is indescribable to those who have

lived in countries that are almost entirely cultivated."

The manner of tracing the preacher was curious; when a new circuit in the woods was formed, at every turning of the road or path, the preacher split two or three bushes, as a direction for those that came after him, and notice was sent round to the neighbourhood at what place he was going to preach.

The Rev. B. Clough, (in furnishing an account of the conduct of Dr. Coke, after he had engaged in the Asiatic mission, on his voyage to enter on which he died,) relates, that on one occasion he presented to the doctor a paper not immediately connected with that object, which, however, he wished him to read. But such was his entire devotion to the one object of his pursuit, that he only replied, "Brother, I beg your pardon, but excuse me; I am dead to all things but Asia."

REV. JOB ORTON.

The Rev. Job Orton wrote to an eminent clergyman in the following manner:—"You say you do no good by preaching. This is talking weakly; I had almost used a harder word. Should you not be chided for it? 'Why do you leave off preaching?' said old bishop Latimer to a complainer like you. He answered, 'Because I do no good, my lord.' The bishop replied, 'That, brother, is a naughty, a very naughty reason.' You do not know what good you have done, are doing, and may yet do, even after you are dead. No good man preaches, I am confident, without

doing some good, and more than he knows of, till the great discovering day. To do our best is our duty, and God will graciously accept and reward it. As to our blessed Master himself, it was said, 'Who hath believed our report?' Who would have thought that you should ever have talked of doing no good by preaching, when God hath done you so much honour already in your clerical character? I am ashamed of you; and almost angry with you. Labour more, and pray more still. 'If the iron be blunt,' as Solomon says, 'then put to more strength.' If you begin to be lukewarm, whatever your motive is, it cannot be a good one. I am not clear that I ever was made an instrument of considerable usefulness; yet I do not repent my attempts. I am humbled and ashamed daily, that they were not better. Remember, that preaching is of God's own appointment, and, when faithfully delivered, and agreeable to sound doctrine, the Divine Spirit will bless the message more or less, as seemeth good to the end he has appointed it, and to his all-wise sovereign purposes.

REV. T. HALYBURTON.

The Rev. Thomas Halyburton was an eminent and useful minister of the Lord Jesus. In the year 1708 he framed the following questions, by which he appears frequently to have examined himself:—

Are daily sins of infirmity searched out, considered, and mourned over?

Is care taken to exercise faith distinctly, in order to the pardon of them?

Is peace taken when not powerfully spoken by the Lord?

Doth the impression of the necessity and excellency of Christ's blood decay?

Are the experiences of its efficacy as distinct as ever?

Am I formal in God's worship, secret, or public?

Do I take due care to educate my family?

Are afflictions observed, and duly improved?

Am I duly concerned for my flock, and single and diligent in prayer for them, visiting the sick?

Have I a due sympathy with afflicted saints and churches?

Do I mourn over the sins of the times?

Do I hear the voice of God's rod, calling me to a deadness to the world, to my dearest relations, and even to life itself, and to preparation for death, and spirituality in duties?

AN AFFLICTED MINISTER.

An eminent divine was suffering under chronic disease, and consulted three physicians, who declared, on being questioned by the sick man, that his disease would be followed by death in a shorter or longer time, according to the manner in which he lived; but they advised him unanimously to give up his office, because, in his situation, mental agitation would be fatal to him. "If," inquired the divine, "I give myself to repose, how long, gentlemen, will you guarantee my life?" "Six years," answered the doctors. "And if I continue in office?" "Three years

at most." "Your servant, gentlemen," he replied; "I should prefer living two or three years in doing some good, to living six in idleness."

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Among other features in the character of Mr. Wesley, which manifested his devotedness to the great work in which he had engaged, it is said that he ever retained a cheerful insensibility to pain, and even to neglect. As he was travelling with John Nelson, one of his preachers, from common to common, in Cornwall, and preaching to a people who heard him willingly, but seldom or never offered him the slightest hospitality, he one day stopped his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. "Brother Nelson," said he, as he did so, "we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries; for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst I ever knew for getting food. Do the people think we can live upon preaching?" "At that time," says his companion, "Mr. Wesley and I slept on the floor; he had a great coat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine. One morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but on one side.'"

For more than fifty years, in succession, this eminent man generally delivered two, and frequently three or four sermons in a day. But calculating at the lowest estimate, and allowing

fifty annually for extraordinary occasions, the whole number, during this period, will be forty thousand five hundred and sixty. To these may be added innumerable exhortations to the societies after preaching, and in other occasional meetings at which he assisted or presided. His journeys, in the work of the ministry, during so long a period, were extraordinary, and probably, on the whole, without a precedent. He travelled about four thousand five hundred miles every year, on an average; and thus, in his long course, he passed over two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles, on his errand of mercy, after he became an itinerant preacher. In addition to all which, the publications which he either wrote, or otherwise prepared for the press, were very numerous. It would have been impossible for him to perform this almost incredible degree of labour, without great punctuality and care in the management of his time. He had stated hours for every purpose, and his only relaxation was a change of employment. His talents for managing complex affairs, and governing a numerous body, dissimilar in its parts, and widely diffused throughout the whole nation, were displayed in the order which he introduced into the societies he had formed, the control which he exercised over them, and the plans he devised and executed for the continuance of that economy which he had established among them.

REV. JOHN HOWE.

Calamy, in his life of Mr. Howe, tells us, that in the year 1671 he embarked for Ireland. While

waiting on the Welsh coast for a favourable wind, on the Lord's day, as he was walking about in search of a place where he might hear the word of God, two persons passed on horseback, who proved to be the minister and clerk of the parish. The latter informed Mr. Howe that his master would not preach that day, as he had long been unaccustomed to do such duty, but would only read prayers. It was then inquired whether he would allow a clergyman, on his way to Ireland, to occupy his pulpit; the offer was accepted; Mr. Howe preached twice that day, and at the latter service had a very large and deeply affected auditory.

The wind continued unfavourable the whole of the next week; and the entire neighbourhood flocked together, again expecting to hear the stranger. The clergyman, unable to preach himself, sent his clerk earnestly to entreat Mr. Howe's assistance; who, though ill in bed, rose, and went to the discharge of what he accounted his duty. No inconvenience resulted to his health; and he said, that if ever his ministry was of use, he believed it was then.

Complaints against long religious services are very frequent. Few things appear so bad to some persons as to be kept in the house of God more than one or two hours. Let us see how it was in the seventeenth century. Mr. Howe was then minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. His labours here were characteristic of the times. On the public fasts, it was his common method to begin about nine in the morning, with a prayer

for about a quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day; and afterwards read and expounded a chapter or psalm, in which he spent about three-quarters of an hour; then prayed an hour; preached another hour; and prayed again for half an hour. After this, he retired, and took a little refreshment for a quarter of an hour or more, the people singing all the while. He then returned to the pulpit, prayed for another hour, gave them another sermon of about an hour's length; and so concluded the service of the day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, with half an hour or more of prayer.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Bunyan, with irresistible zeal, preached throughout the country, especially in Bedfordshire and its neighbourhood; until, on the restoration of Charles II. he was thrown into prison, where he remained twelve years. During his confinement he preached to all to whom he could gain access; and when liberty was offered to him, on condition of promising to abstain from preaching, he constantly replied, "If you let me out to-day, I shall preach again to morrow."

REV. C. J. LAVATER.

Karamsin, the Russian traveller, having witnessed Lavater's diligence in study, visiting the sick, and relieving the poor, was greatly surprised at his fortitude and activity, and said to him, "Whence have you so much strength of mind and power of endurance?" "My friend,"

replied he, "man rarely wants the power to work when he possesses *the will:* the more I labour in the discharge of my duties, so much the more ability and inclination to labour do I constantly find within myself."

A GERMAN BISHOP.

Luther gives an account of a duke of Saxony, who made war unnecessarily upon a bishop in Germany. At that period ecclesiastics could command military resources, as well as the secular nobility. But the weapons of the good bishop were not carnal. The duke thought proper, in a very artful way, to send a spy into the company of the bishop, to ascertain his plan of carrying on the contest. On his return, the spy was eagerly interrogated by the duke. "O, sir," replied he, "you may surprise him without fear, he is doing nothing, and making no preparation." "How is that," asked the duke; "what does he say?" "He says he will feed his flock; preach the word, visit the sick; and that, as for this war, he should commit the weight of it to God himself." "Is it so?" said the duke; "then let the devil wage war against him; I will not."

REV. J. BERRIDGE.

It is credibly reported of the Rev. John Berridge, the well-known vicar of Everton, that in his itinerant labours through the country he preached from ten to twelve sermons a week upon an average, and frequently rode a hundred miles. Nor were such extraordinary exertions occasional, but continued through the long succession of

more than twenty years. The success that followed these, as well as his stated labours amongst his own flock, may be estimated from the fact, that he was visited, in the first year after his own spiritual illumination, by a thousand different persons under serious impressions. It is computed, that under his own ministry, and that of Mr. Hicks, a neighbouring minister, of whose conversion he had been the instrument, four thousand persons were awakened to a concern for their souls in the space of twelve months.

REV. DR. PAYSON.

The Rev. Dr. Payson, of America, being once asked what message he would send to the young men who were studying for the ministry in one of the colleges, thus addressed them :—"What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an index of your thoughts and feelings! What care, what caution would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe every day, and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment day."

Dr. Payson being taken suddenly ill, and as every one thought about to die, he remarks, "What gave me most concern was, that notice had been given of my being about to preach!

Whilst the doctor was preparing my medicine, feeling my pains abated, I on a sudden cried out, 'Doctor, my pains are suspended; by the help of God, I will go and preach, and then come home and die.' In my own apprehension, and in appearance to others, I was a dying man;—the people heard me as such. The invisible realities of another world lay open to my view. Expecting to stretch into eternity, and to be with my Master before the morning, I spoke with peculiar energy. Such effects followed the word, that I thought it was worth dying for a thousand times." His biographer says, "He had something so peculiar in his manner, expressive of sincerity in all he delivered, that it constrained the most abandoned to regard what he said as not only true, but of the last importance to souls."

Never has the ruling passion been more strongly exemplified in the hour of death than in the case of this excellent American minister. His love for preaching was as invincible as that of the miser for gold, who dies grasping his treasure. He directed a label to be attached to his breast when dead, with the admonition, "Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you;" that they might be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spoke. The same words were, at the request of his people, engraved on the plate of the coffin, and read by thousands on the day of his interment.

REV. DR. PECKWELL.

Some years ago, the Rev. Dr. Henry Peckwell stepped into a dissecting room and touched one of the dead bodies, forgetting that he had just before accidentally cut his finger. He became diseased, and the doctors who were called in pronounced the accident fatal. At that time worship was held at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, on a friday evening. Conscious of his approaching death, the good man ascended the pulpit, and preached in so powerful a strain as to make many of his audience weep. At the conclusion, he told the audience that it was his farewell sermon,— "not like the ordinary farewell sermons of the world, but more impressive, from the circumstances, than any preached before. My hearers shall long bear it in mind, when this frail earth is mouldering in its kindred dust!" The congregation could not conjecture his meaning, but on the following sabbath an unknown preacher ascended the pulpit, and informed them that their pious minister had breathed his last on the preceding evening.

REV. DR. CAREY.

The Rev. T. T. Thomason, referring to the well-known fire, which in 1812 consumed the missionary premises at Serampore, says, "I could scarcely believe the report: it was like a blow on the head which stupifies. I flew to Serampore to witness the desolation. The scene was, indeed, affecting. The immense printing-office, 200 feet long, and 50 broad, reduced to a mere

shell. The yard covered with burnt quires of paper, the loss in which article was immense. Carey walked with me over the smoking ruins. The tears stood in his eyes. 'In one short evening,' said he, 'the labours of years are consumed. How unsearchable are the ways of God! I had lately brought some things to the utmost perfection of which they seemed capable, and contemplated the missionary establishment with, perhaps, too much self-congratulation. The Lord has laid me low, that I may look more simply to him.—Return now to thy books; regard God in all thou doest. Learn Arabic with humility. Let God be exalted in all thy plans, and purposes, and labours; He can do without thee.' Who could stand in such a place, at such a time, with such a man, without feelings of sharp regret and solemn exercise of mind? I saw the ground strewed with half-consumed paper, on which, in the course of a very few months, the words of life would have been printed. The metal under our feet, amidst the ruins, was melted into misshapen lumps; the sad remains of beautiful types consecrated to the service of the sanctuary. All was smiling and promising a few hours before; now all was vanished into smoke, and converted to rubbish!"

ARCHBISHOP ADALBERT.

Adalbert, who lived in the tenth century, was appointed archbishop of Prague. This preferment seemed to give him so little satisfaction, that he was never seen to smile afterwards; and on being asked the reason, he replied, "It is an

easy thing to wear a mitre and a cross, but an awful thing to give an account of a bishopric before the Judge of quick and dead."

REV JOHN BROWN.

The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, addressed this exhortation to his sons in the ministry with his dying breath: "O, labour—labour to win souls to Christ! I will say this for your encouragement, that whenever the Lord has led me out to be most diligent this way, he has poured most comfort into my heart, and given me my reward in my bosom. But He is our great example, whose life, as well as lips, said to all his disciples, 'Work while it is day; for the night cometh when no man can work.'"

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

In 1648, it was a question asked of the brethren, at the meetings of ministers, twice in the year, "If they preached the duties of the times?" And when it was found that Leighton did not, he was reproved for this omission; but he replied, "If all the brethren have preached on the *times*, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on *eternity*?"

REV. W. TENNENT.

When the Rev. George Whitefield was last in America, the Rev. W. Tennent paid him a visit, as he was passing through New Jersey; and one day dined with him, and other ministers, at a gentleman's house. After dinner, Mr. W. adverted to the difficulties attending the gospel

ministry; lamented that all their zeal availed but little; said that he was weary with the burden of the day; and declared the great consolation, that in a short time his work would be done, when he should depart and be with Christ. He then appealed to the ministers if it was not their great comfort that they should soon go to rest. They generally assented, except Mr. T. who sat next to Mr. W. in silence, and by his countenance discovered but little pleasure in the conversation. On which Mr. W. tapping him on the knee said, "Well, brother Tennent, you are the oldest man among us, do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand, when you will be called home?" Mr. T. bluntly answered, "I have no wish about it." Mr. W. pressed him again. Mr. T. again answered, "No, sir, it is no pleasure to me at all; and if you knew your duty, it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death, my business is to live as long as I can, as well as I can, and to serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until he shall think proper to call me home." Mr. W. still urged for an explicit answer to his question, in case the time of death were left to his own choice. Mr. T. replied, "I have no choice about it; I am God's servant, and have engaged to do his business as long as he pleases to continue me therein. But now, brother, let me ask you a question. What do you think I should say, if I were to send my man into the field to plough; and if at noon I should go to the field, and find him lounging under a tree, and complaining, 'Master, the sun is very hot, and the ploughing

hard, I am weary of the work you have appointed me, and am overdone with the heat and burden of the day. Do, master, let me return home, and be discharged from this hard service ?' What should I say ? Why, that he was a lazy fellow, and that it was his business to do the work that I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home."

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Mr. Cecil tells us, that when Mr. Newton had passed eighty years of age, some of his friends feared he might continue his public ministrations too long. They not only observed his infirmities in the pulpit, but felt much on account of the decrease of his strength, and of his occasional depressions. On these things being mentioned to him, he replied, that he had experienced nothing which in the least affected the principles he had felt and taught; that his depressions were the natural result of fourscore years ; and that, at any age, we can only enjoy that comfort from our principles which God is pleased to send. " But," it was asked, " in the article of public preaching, might it not be best to consider your work as done, and to stop before you evidently discover that you can speak no longer ?" " I cannot stop," said he, raising his voice. " What! shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak ?"

JOHN CALVIN.

Dr. Hoyle, who wrote under the patronage

of archbishop Usher, mentioning Calvin, says, "What shall I speak of his indefatigable industry, almost beyond the power of nature; which, paralleled with our loitering, will, I fear, exceed all credit! It may be the truest object of admiration, how one lean, worn, spent, and wearied body could hold out. He read, every week of the year through, three divinity lectures; every other week, over and above, he preached every day: so that (as Erasmus said of Chrysostom) I know not whether more to admire his constancy, or theirs that heard him. Some have reckoned his yearly lectures to be *one hundred and eighty-six*, and his yearly sermons *two hundred and eighty-six*. Every thursday he sat in the presbytery. Every friday, when the ministers met to consult upon difficult texts, he made as good as a lecture. Besides all this, there was scarcely a day that exercised him not in answering, either by word of mouth or writing, the doubts and questions of different churches and pastors; so that, he might say with Paul, 'The care of all the churches lieth upon me.' Scarcely a year passed wherein, over and above all these employments, some great volume, in folio, or other size, came not forth."

This celebrated man, even in his dying illness, would not refrain from his labours; but, when his friends endeavoured to persuade him to ease himself, he replied, "What! shall my Lord come and find me idle?"

DR. BYLES.

Dr. Mather Byles, of Boston, in the United States, in a period of great political excitement, was asked why he did not preach *politics*. He replied, "I have thrown up four breast-works, behind which I have entrenched myself, neither of which can be forced. In the first place, I do not understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every one of you; in the third place, you have politics all the week, pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion; in the fourth place, I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance. Give me any subject to preach on of more consequence than the truths I bring to you, and I will preach on it the next sabbath."

AN OLD MINISTER.

A young minister, addressing a rather fashionable audience, attacked their pride and extravagance, as seen in their dresses, ribands, ruffles, chains, and jewels. In the afternoon an old minister preached powerfully on the corruption of human nature, the enmity of the soul towards God, and the necessity for a new heart. In the evening, as they sat together in private, the younger minister said, "Father D. why do you not preach against the vanity and pride of the people for dressing so extravagantly?" "Ah, son Timothy," replied the venerable man, "while you are trimming off the top and branches of the tree, I am endeavouring to cut it up by the roots, and then the *whole top must die!*"

DR. HACKET.

Dr. John Hacket was, at the beginning of the civil war, rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn; and when the parliament had forbidden the use of the liturgy, under the severest penalties, Dr. Hacket continued to read, as before, the daily service, and when a serjeant with a trooper rushed into the church, commanding him with threats to desist, he with a steady voice and intrepid countenance continued; on which the soldier, raising a pistol to his head, threatening him with instant death. The undaunted minister calmly replied, "Soldier, I am doing my duty, do you do yours!" and with a still more exalted voice read on. The soldier, abashed, left the church.

BISHOP HEBER.

Bishop Heber, says archdeacon Robinson, came into my cabin, after breakfast one morning, and said he found that, besides the European crew, there was a detachment of invalid soldiers on board, returning to England, probably in a very ignorant and demoralized state, after their long residence in India; and that he thought we might be exceedingly useful to them in the course of the voyage. He proposed, therefore, that we should go down alternately every morning, to instruct them and pray with them. I I begged him not to interrupt his own important avocations for these duties, which I would gladly undertake alone, if he would commission me to do so; but he would by no means consent to relinquish his share in them. "I have too little,"

said he, "in my situation, of these pastoral duties, which are so useful to the minister as well as to his people; and I am delighted at the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded me: it will remind me of dear Hodnet Bindes:* it is very possible that the mere circumstance of my going down may impress them more to listen to us both." He had his prayer-book in his hand, and, after speaking to the commanding officer, went below immediately.

On going down to the poor soldiers, the next morning, I found the effect of the bishop's visit the day before to be just what might have been expected. His kindness and condescension had prepared them to receive with thankfulness all that was said to them: and before I began to read, they could not help saying, as they collected round me, "Only think of such a great man as the bishop coming between decks, to pray with such poor fellows as we are!" Who can tell what good may result from these humble efforts! greater, perhaps, than from his more public and splendid labours, which are followed by the admiration of the world. These were unseen and unknown; for who would have expected to find the bishop of India, the accomplished Heber, praying by the cots of a few disabled soldiers, between the decks of a merchant vessel?

REV. W. WILLIAMS.

The Rev. W. Williams, of Pantcelyn, Carmarthenshire, preached for forty-three years, and

* His former parish.

travelled during that period from forty to fifty miles a week on an average. Taking forty-five miles for the distance of his weekly travels, he must have journeyed 2230 miles every year; and, during forty-three years, 95,890; nearly *four* times the circumference of the earth. And all this for no other object but to promote the salvation of sinners!

REV. OLIVER HEYWOOD.

It appears, from an account regularly kept by Mr. Heywood himself, that for a term of thirty-six years, of which sixteen only were years of liberty, and most of these after he had reached the age of sixty, he preached, on week-days, 3004 sermons, kept 1212 fast days, 309 thanksgiving days, and travelled in his Master's service 31,315 miles, besides his regular work on Lord's days.

BISHOP LATIMER.

Every season of a religious revival has been marked by ministerial zeal and diligence. These features eminently distinguished the British reformers. Latimer, in particular, was remarkable for his care in preaching and visiting every part of his diocese, earnestly trying to reform whatever was amiss. Although advanced in life, he travelled continually from place to place, teaching, exhorting, and preaching, to the utmost of his ability. These journeys were mostly performed on foot, with few attendants, in a plain dress, with a pair of spectacles, and a New Testament hanging at his girdle. Wherever he went he preached to the people; and if he found

a number assembled together, and no church at hand, he did not hesitate to preach to them in any place which offered, and sometimes used a hollow tree for a pulpit.

REV. H. DAVIES.

The Rev. Henry Davies began his labours in Pembrokeshire, but was soon dismissed from his station on account of his faithfulness; afterwards he frequently preached in the open air. As he was walking early one sabbath morning to a place where he was to preach, he was overtaken by a clergyman on horseback, who complained that he could never get above half-a-guinea for a discourse. "O, sir," said Mr. Davies, "I preach for a crown." "Do you," replied the stranger, "then you are a disgrace to the cloth." To this rude observation he meekly replied, "Perhaps I shall be held in greater disgrace in your estimation, when I inform you that I am going nine miles to preach, and have but sevenpence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in, and do not expect to bring home the poor pittance that I am now in possession of; but I look forward to that *crown of glory* which my Lord and Saviour will freely bestow upon me, when he appears before an assembled world."

REV. W. GRIMSHAWE.

When that zealous and truly apostolic labourer, Mr. Grimshawe, who usually preached from twenty to thirty times a week, was entreated at any time to spare himself, his constant

reply was, "Let me labour now, for the hour is at hand when I shall rest."

REV. R. BAXTER.

The eminently pious Richard Baxter, after he had spent many years in the advancement of the glory of God, by laborious and constant preaching, unceasing pastoral labours, and numerous publications from the press, was yet unwilling to give himself ease, even amidst the infirmities of disease and age. An old gentleman, who heard him preach, related, that when he ascended the pulpit, with a man following him to prevent his falling backward, and to support him, if needful, in the pulpit, many persons would be ready to say he was more fit for a coffin than for labour; but all this he would soon forget, and manifest the fervour and energy of youth in his labours. It was feared, the last time he preached, that he would have died in the pulpit. And yet, such was his humility, that when reminded of his labours on his death-bed, he replied, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"

BISHOP JEWEL.

When bishop Jewel, by his laborious course of life, had much impaired his health, his friends observed a sensible alteration in his appearance, and endeavoured to prevail on him to relax from his incessant application, and to desist for a time, at least, from pulpit services. He replied to their friendly remonstrances, by saying, that "A bishop should die preaching." These words were almost literal-

ly fulfilled, in his own case; for, a short time before his death, having promised to preach at Lacock, in Wiltshire, he was determined to go, although a friend, who met him on the way, strongly urged him to return home, telling him, that the people had better lose one sermon than be altogether deprived of such a pastor. The bishop could not be prevailed upon to return, but proceeded to the place appointed, and there preached his last sermon, from Galatians v. 16. "Walk in the Spirit," which he finished with great difficulty. He died a few days after.

CHAPTER IV.

VARIOUS METHODS OF USEFULNESS.

SECT. 1.—*Public Instruction.*

REV. G. WHITEFIELD.

DURING one of the visits which the Rev. George Whitefield paid to Edinburgh, an unhappy man, who had forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, was executed in that neighbourhood. Mr. W. mingled with the crowd that was collected on the occasion, and was struck with the solemnity and decorum which were observable in so awful a scene. His appearance, however, drew the eyes of all upon him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which induced him to join the multitude. The next day being sunday, he preached to a very large congregation in a field near the city; and, in the course of his sermon, he adverted to the scenes of the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say, that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree; and that, perhaps, curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a

spectator on that occasion; but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me, are under a mistake. I went as an observer of human nature, and to see the effect that such an example would have on those who witnessed it. I watched the conduct of those who were present on that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased with their demeanour, which has given me a very favourable opinion of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenances, particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes on this world for ever; then you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside, and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different it was when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross! The Jews, instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink. Not one, of all that witnessed his pains, turned his head aside, even in the last pang. Yes, my friends, there was one; that glorious luminary," pointing to the sun, "veiled his brightness, and travelled on his course in tenfold night."

When Mr. Whitefield once preached before the seamen at New York, he introduced the following bold apostrophe into his sermon:—"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine head-way over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the

heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?" The unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose, and with united voices exclaimed, "Take to the long boat."

It is a charge often brought against some faithful ministers, that they direct many of their remarks to certain particular persons. It is certain that this was often done by Mr. Whitefield, and sometimes with very happy effect. He once drew from the conduct of his female servant the picture of a christian remiss in duty, which painfully distressed her, till he gave her an assurance of his entire forgiveness.

The celebrated comedian, Shuter, had a great regard for Mr. Whitefield, and often attended his ministry. At one period of his popularity he was acting in a drama under the character of *Ramble*. During the run of the performance, he attended service one sabbath morning at Tottenham Court Chapel, and was seated in the pew exactly opposite the pulpit. Mr. Whitefield gave full vent to his feelings, and in his own energetic manner invited sinners to the Saviour; when, fixing his eye full on Shuter, he added, "And thou, poor *Ramble*, who hast long rambled from him, come

also. Oh, end your rambling by coming to Jesus." Shuter was exceedingly struck; and, going to Mr. Whitefield, he said, "I thought I should have fainted; how could you serve me so?"

AN OLD DIVINE.

A minister, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was preaching before an assembly of his brethren; and in order to direct their attention to the great motive from which they should act, he represented to them something of the great day of judgment. Having spoken of Christ as seated on his throne, he described him as speaking to his ministers; examining how they had preached, and with what views they had undertaken and discharged the duties of the ministry. "What did you preach for?" "I preached, Lord, that I might keep a good living that was left me by my father; which, if I had not entered the ministry, would have been wholly lost to me and my family." Christ addresses him, "Stand by, thou hast had thy reward." The question is put to another, "And what did you preach for?" "Lord, I was applauded as a learned man, and I preached to keep up the reputation of an excellent orator, and an ingenious preacher." The answer of Christ to him also is, "Stand by, thou hast had thy reward." The Judge puts the question to a third, "And what did you preach for?" "Lord," saith he, "I neither aimed at the great things of this world, though I was thankful for the conveniences of life which thou gavest me; nor did I preach that I might gain the character of a wit, or of a man of parts, or of a fine

scholar; but I preached in compassion to souls, and to please and honour thee; my design, Lord, in preaching, was that I might win souls to thy blessed Majesty!" The Judge was now described as calling out, "Room, men; room, angels! let this man come and sit with me on my throne, as I am set down with my Father on his throne; he has owned and honoured me on earth, and I will own and honour him through all the ages of eternity."

The happy result of this sermon was, that the ministers went home much affected; resolving that, through the help of God, they would attend more diligently to the motives and work of the ministry than they had before done.

REV. JAMES HERVEY.

The Rev. James Hervey did not confine his preaching to the church, but took every opportunity to speak of Christ. One of his constant hearers related, that one day, after he had preached on Gen. xxviii. 12, "And behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven," &c. which he considered as a type of Christ; as he came down the lane leading from the church to his own house, his hearers, as usual, stood on each side of it to pay him their respects. As soon as he came to the top of the lane, he lifted up his hands, and as he passed along addressed them, "O my friends, I beg of God you may not forget this glorious ladder that almighty God hath provided for poor sinners; a ladder that will conduct us from this grovelling earth! a ladder that will raise us above our

corruption, unto the glorious liberty of the sons of God! O, my dear friends and hearers, I beg you will never forget this glorious ladder, but hope you may daily meditate upon it, till you reach the third heaven."

In a sermon, which he preached to the sailors at Bideford, Mr. Hervey addressed his auditors in a manner eminently adapted to produce a deep impression.—"What we have mentioned of our Lord's saying, *Peace*, to the raging waves, may instruct you whom to address in the hour of danger; may also teach you the wisdom of securing an interest in the Lord Jesus, whose Divine word even the winds and sea obey. The hour is coming, dear sailors, when you shall hail with shouts your native land no more. Oh! then, come unto Christ; get an interest in his merits; give yourselves up to his guidance; let his word be your compass; let his grace hold the helm, and steer your course. Let his blessing fill your sails; let his blood, his righteousness, his Spirit, be the prize of your calling; let this be the precious merchandize you court, this the Pearl of great price you seek."

REV. W. GRIMSHAWE.

The Rev. W. Grimshawe, the indefatigable minister of Haworth, and the intimate friend of Whitefield, once apologized for the length of a discourse, to this effect:—"If I were in some situations, I might not think it needful to speak so much; but many of my hearers, who are wicked and careless, are likewise very ignorant,

and very slow of apprehension. If they do not understand me, I cannot hope to do them good; and when I think of the uncertainty of life, that perhaps it may be the last opportunity afforded; and that it is possible I may never see them again, till I meet them on the great day, I know not how to be explicit enough. I endeavour to set the subject in a variety of lights; I express the same thoughts in different words, and can scarcely tell how to leave off, lest I should have omitted something for the want of which, my preaching and their hearing might prove in vain. And thus, though I fear I weary others, I am still unable to satisfy myself."

MASSILLON.

Massillon, an eminent French preacher, in the first sermon he ever delivered, found, upon his getting into the pulpit, the whole audience in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour, showed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a soil so barren; however, he soon changed the disposition of the audience by his manner of beginning: "If," said he, "a cause, the most important that could be conceived, were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges; if this cause interested ourselves in particular; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides; and if we had heard from our infancy of this undetermined trial; would you not all sit with due attention and warm expectation to the pleadings on both

sides? Would not all your hopes and fears be suspended upon the final decision? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause of much greater importance before you; a cause where not one nation, but all the world are spectators; tried not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of heaven; where not your temporal and transitory interests are the subjects of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery; where the cause is still undetermined; but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the irrevocable decree that shall last for ever; and yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of salvation. I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to."

REV. R. HALL.

This eminent minister seldom allowed any incident, at all capable of yielding moral improvement, to pass by without observation. The awful inflictions of the law in the death of felons were generally noticed from his pulpit. While at Cambridge, in the earlier part of his ministry, a singular instance of this kind is related, in which his knowledge of the scriptures, and his readiness to adapt them to present occurrences were remarkably displayed. Two men were apprehended for passing forged notes of the Bank of England; one of them, in the act of being taken, seized and swallowed a note to prevent detection. Mr. Hall kindly visited them in prison, and afterwards delivered a very impressive discourse from Job xx. 12—16. "Though wickedness be sweet in his

mouth, though he hide it under his tongue; though he spare it, and forsake it not; but keep it still within his mouth: yet his meat in his bowels is turned, it is the gall of asps within him. He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again: God shall cast them out of his belly. He shall suck the poison of asps: the viper's tongue shall slay him."

REV. A. FULLER.

Scarcely any thing passed under the notice of the late Mr. Fuller without affording a lesson of instruction. Many of his sermons had their origin in local circumstances, which furnished both the topic of discourse and the medium of illustration. Going once to preach at some distance from home, after a heavy fall of rain, which had inundated a part of the road, so as nearly to render it impassable, he had to depend entirely on a guide. He crossed the flood to some distance, when the water reaching his horse's saddle, he began to feel alarm, and was unwilling to proceed. But his guide called out, "Go forward, go forward; all will be well." Mr. F. depended on his testimony, and they landed safe on the other side. This circumstance suggested the necessity of a Divine Guide, and the importance of walking by faith, and not by sight, in our progress to the heavenly world; a subject which he soon after illustrated in the earliest, and one of the best of his printed sermons.

REV. CHRISTMAS EVANS.

At a meeting of christian ministers in Bristol,

the Rev. S. Lowell invited several of his brethren to sup with him, and among the rest was the minister officiating at the Welsh chapel there. He was an entire stranger to all the company, and silently attentive to the general conversation of his brethren. The subject in discussion was the different strains of public preaching. When several had given their opinion, and had mentioned some individuals as good preachers, Mr. Lowell turned to the Welsh stranger, and solicited his opinion. He said that he felt it a privilege to be silent when such men were speaking, but he also felt it his duty to comply with the request: "Although," continued he, "if I must give my opinion, I should think that you have no good preaching." "No!" exclaimed Mr. L. "No;" said the stranger: "that is, you have no such preachers as we have in the principality." "I know," replied Mr. L. "that you are famous for jumping in Wales; but that is not owing, I suppose, so much to the matter of preaching, as to the enthusiasm of the national character." "Indeed," said the stranger, "you would jump too, if you heard and understood such preaching." "Why," said Mr. L. "do you not think I could make them jump, if I were to preach to them?" "You make them jump!" exclaimed the Welshman; "you make them jump! A Welshman would set fire to the world, whilst you were lighting a match."

The whole company became much interested in this new turn of the subject, and unanimously requested the good man to give them a specimen of the style and manner of preaching in the

principality. "Specimen," said he, "I cannot give you." "Well," said the company, "give us something that you have heard." "Oh no," said he, "I cannot do justice to it; besides, you do not understand the Welsh language." They answered, "No, not so as to follow a discourse." "Then," said he, "it is impossible for you to understand it, if I were to give you a specimen." "But," said they, "cannot you put it into English?" "Oh, no," said he, "your poor, meagre language would spoil it; it is not capable of expressing those ideas which a Welshman can conceive."

The interest of the company was now so increased, that nothing would satisfy them but a specimen, promising to make every allowance for the language. "Well," said the Welshman, "if you must have something, I will try; but I do not know what to give you. I must think a little. Well, I recollect a sermon of Christmas Evans. Christmas Evans was a good preacher, and I once heard him at an association of ministers. He was preaching on the depravity of man by sin, and of his recovery by the death of Christ. And he said:—Brethren, if I should compare the natural state of man, I should conceive of an immense grave-yard filled with yawning sepulchres, and dead and dying men. All around are lofty walls, and massive iron gates. At the gate stands Mercy, sad spectatress of the melancholy scene. An angel flying through the midst of heaven, attracted by the awful sight, exclaims, 'Mercy, why do you not enter, and apply to these objects of compassion the restoring balm?

Mercy replies, 'Alas! I dare not enter; Justice bars the way.' By her side a form appeared, like unto the Son of man; 'Justice,' he cried, 'what are thy demands, that Mercy may enter and stay the carnival of death?' 'I demand,' said Justice, 'pain for their ease; degradation for their dignity; shame for their honour; death for their life.' 'I accept the terms: now, Mercy, enter.' 'What pledge do you give for the performance of these conditions?' 'My word, my oath.' 'When will you fulfil them?' 'Four thousand years hence, on the hill of Calvary.' The bond was sealed in the presence of attendant angels, and committed to patriarchs and prophets. A long series of rites and ceremonies, sacrifices and oblations, was instituted, to preserve the memory of that solemn deed; and at the close of the four thousandth year, behold, at the foot of Calvary, the incarnate Son of God! Justice too was there, presenting the dreadful bond to the Redeemer, and demanding the fulfilment of its awful terms. He accepted the deed, and together they ascended to the summit of the mount. Mercy was seen attendant at his side, and the weeping church followed in his train. When he had reached the top, what did he with the bond? Did he tear it in pieces, and scatter it to the winds of heaven? Oh! no; he nailed it to his cross. And when the wood was prepared, and the devoted willing sacrifice stretched on the tree, Justice sternly cried, 'Holy Fire, come down from heaven, and burn this sacrifice.' Holy Fire replied, 'I come, I come; and when I have consumed this sacrifice, I will burn the universe.'

The fire descended, rapidly consumed his humanity; but, when it touched his Deity, expired! Then did the heavenly hosts break forth in rapturous strains, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will towards men.'—This," said the Welshman, "is but a specimen."

M. BRIDAINE.

Bridaine was one of the most celebrated of the French preachers. Marmontel relates, that in his sermons he sometimes had recourse to the interesting method of parables, with a view the more forcibly to impress important truths on the minds of his hearers. Preaching on the passion of Jesus Christ, he expressed himself thus:—"A man, accused of a crime of which he was innocent, was condemned to death by the iniquity of his judges. He was led to punishment, but no gibbet was prepared, nor was there any executioner to perform the sentence. The people, moved with compassion, hoped that this sufferer would escape death. But one man raised his voice, and said, 'I am going to prepare a gibbet, and I will be the executioner.' You groan with indignation! Well, my brethren, in each of you I behold this cruel man. Here are no Jews to-day, to crucify Jesus Christ: but you dare to rise up, and say, 'I will crucify him.'" Marmontel adds, that he heard these words pronounced by the preacher, though very young, with all the dignity of an apostle, and with the most powerful emotion; and that such was the effect, that nothing was heard but the sobs of the auditory.

REV. E. EDMONDS.

The Rev. Edward Edmonds, of Birmingham, was once engaged to advocate the cause of a sunday-school connected with his own chapel. He delivered a sermon, not immediately connected with the object before him, but referred, in a a very forcible and striking manner, to the infinite love of Christ, in dying for sinners. He then concluded, and took his seat, as though he had forgotten the precise duty he undertook to perform. Rising again, however, he requested the children, who sat opposite to him, to stand up, and in a manner which indicated the most intense feeling, he described their lost condition as sinners, urged the necessity of their knowing and loving the Saviour, and appealed to the congregation if they could allow three hundred immortal souls to perish without an effort to save them. The effect was powerful, the congregation were all in tears, and the object thus commended to their attention was very liberally supported.

REV. J. WESTON.

The Rev. Dr. Bennett relates, in his life of Dr. Bogue, that he had one evening been preaching for the late Rev. J. Weston, of Corsham, afterwards of Sherborne, on the inquiry, "Will ye also be his disciples?" John ix. 27; and when he sat down, that minister rose from his seat near the pulpit, and thus addressed the audience:—"The last time I stood in that pulpit, my dear friends, I discoursed to you on the same solemn question; and now my brother,

without knowing what I had been doing, has come to ask you again, 'Will ye also be his disciples?' Surely there is some important meaning in this. The gracious Redeemer seems determined you shall be his disciples, for he is sending to you message after message to the same intent. And can you resist? Where can you find a better master? Who are so happy as his disciples? How will you answer to Him when he shall come to judge you, if, after all his entreaties, you refuse to be his disciples? And for what do you refuse? Have you no need of his instructions? What! not to learn the way of salvation? the road to heaven? And who teacheth like him? Oh! surely, if at first you refused, you will comply on this second message, and you also will be his disciples."

It is scarcely necessary to say that this impressive address, so out of the ordinary course, produced a great and a happy effect.

REV. DR. PAYSON.

Dr. Payson, of America, always seized upon every uncommon occurrence, in his congregation, to turn it to religious account. So settled a habit was this with him, that whenever, during the week, any extraordinary event happened, there was frequently a considerable degree of interest felt among his people, in respect to the manner in which it would be made to tell, in the production of moral and religious impression, in their pastor's sermon on the next sabbath.

Dr. Payson's meeting-house was situated at the corner formed by one of the principal streets

in the city, and another narrow street, or perhaps lane, which opened into it. Across this narrow street, opposite the meeting-house, a convenient and pleasant conference-room, or vestry, as it was sometimes called, had been erected. His people had become warmly attached to this building; a fact, which all, who ever attended Dr. Payson's evening meetings, will readily understand. One night the inhabitants of the town were aroused by a cry of fire, and, on going out, they found the whole heavens in a glare, from the flames of this conference-room. It was built of wood,—and the next morning nothing was left but a heap of black, smoking rubbish, and the whole side of the meeting-house, opposite, was browned by the scorching heat of the flames.

The next sabbath there was the most intense interest felt, by all in the meeting-house, when he arose in the pulpit, and stood prepared to name his text. The whole congregation seemed to say, by the eager and inquiring expression of their countenances, "What have you to say to us about this calamity?" And he pronounced his text as if he was replying. "If judgment *begin* at the house of God, what shall the end be to them who obey not the gospel?" There followed one of the most eloquent and powerful appeals ever heard from his lips. He explained that one mode by which God endeavours to call sinners to him, and to arouse his people to repentance, is his providence. He tries kindness; and when that fails, he tries frowns. He enumerated a number of events which had occurred,

within a few past months, each more distinct and decided than the preceding;—"And now," said he, "God has come nearer still." He then spoke for several minutes with great power and effect, in regard to the loss they had sustained, pointing to the blackened ruins, which were in full view. "Even this sanctuary," said he, "God has but just spared, and that, not without leaving upon it the marks of his frown." After further remarks to his church members, he turned to the congregation generally, and warned them of the danger of resisting God's calls. "I am no prophet," said he, "and I pretend to no extraordinary knowledge of God's will; but here is the solemn declaration of his word. Take care, then, of your houses. Take care of your stores; for if this people, in spite of God's repeated warnings, will go on obstinately in sin, they must not be surprised, if he should arise in his anger, and send a sweeping conflagration to desolate the town."

The impression made by the view he took of this providence, as a solemn warning from God, was universal, and most powerful. The sermon was extemporaneous, and Dr. Payson, it was understood, afterwards said, that he did not consider that calamities were always to be viewed as judgments, though they ought to be regarded as warnings, intended to awaken us to penitence, and to renewed fidelity in the service of God.

SECT. 2.—*Private Intercourse.*

REV. R. CECIL.

THE Rev. Richard Cecil had a talent of illustrating his subjects, and particularly of seizing incidents for improvement, which gave an edge to his wise admonitions, and fixed them deep in the memory. Riding with a friend, one windy day, and the dust being very troublesome, his companion wished that they could ride in the fields, where they would be free from dust; and this wish he more than once repeated. At length they reached the fields, when the flies so teased his friend's horse, that he could scarcely keep his seat on the saddle. He now complained of a new evil. "Ah! sir," said Mr. Cecil, "when you were in the road, the dust was your only trouble, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields; you forgot that the fly was there! Now this is a true picture of human life; and you will find it so in all the changes you make in future. We know the trials of our present situation; but the next will have trials, and perhaps worse, though they may be of a different kind."

At another time, the same friend told him he should esteem it a favour, if he would tell him of any thing which he might in future see in his conduct which he thought improper. "Well, sir," he said, "many a man has told the watchman to call him early in the morning, and has then appeared very anxious for his coming early;

but the watchman has come before he has been ready for him! I have seen many people very desirous of being told their faults; but I have seen very few who were pleased when they have received the information. However, I like to receive an invitation, and I have no reason to suppose that you will be displeased till I see it so; I shall therefore remember that you have asked for it."

Mr. Cecil had a hearer, who, when a young man had solicited his advice, but who had not, for some time, had an interview with him. Mr. C. one day went to his house on horseback, being unable to walk, and, after the usual salutations, addressed him thus:—"I understand you are very dangerously situated!" here he paused, and his friend replied, "I am not aware of it, sir." "I thought it was probable you were not; and therefore I have called on you. I hear you are getting rich; take care, for it is the road by which the devil leads thousands to destruction!" This was spoken with such solemnity and earnestness, that it made a deep and lasting impression.

REV. G. WHITEFIELD.

When Mr. Whitefield was in the zenith of his popularity, lord Clare, who knew that his influence was considerable, applied to him, by letter, requesting his assistance at Bristol, at the ensuing general election. To this request Mr. Whitefield replied, that in general elections he never interfered; but he would earnestly exhort his lordship to use great diligence to make his own particular calling and election sure!

BISHOP ATTERBURY.

Dr. William King, in the "Anecdotes of His Own Times," writes:—In 1715, I dined with the duke of Ormonde, at Richmond. We were fourteen at table. There was my lord Marr, my lord Jersey, my lord Arran, my lord Lansdown, sir William Wyndham, sir Redmond Everard, and Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. The rest of the company I do not exactly remember. During the dinner there was a jocular dispute, I forget how it was introduced, concerning short prayers. Sir William Wyndham told us, that the shortest prayer he had ever heard, was the prayer of a common soldier, just before the battle of Blenheim; "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" This was followed by a general laugh. I immediately reflected that such a treatment of the subject was too ludicrous, at least very improper, where a learned and religious prelate was one of the company. But I had soon an opportunity of making a different reflection. Atterbury seeming to join in the conversation, and applying himself to sir William Wyndham, said, "Your prayer, sir William, is indeed very short; but I remember another as short, but a much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances; 'O God, if in the day of battle, I forget thee, do thou not forget me!'" This, as Atterbury pronounced it with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle and polite reproof, and was immediately felt by the whole company: and the duke of Ormonde,

who was the best bred man of his age, suddenly turned the discourse to another subject.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, once said to the excellent Mr. Newton, "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew scriptures seventeen times; and it is very strange if the doctrine of atonement, which you hold, should not have been found by me." Mr. Newton replied, "I am not surprised at this: I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher on it." Prejudices from education, learning, &c. often form an extinguisher. It is not enough that you bring the candle, you must remove the extinguisher.

REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

The Rev. Legh Richmond, returning from Scotland, passed through Stockport, at the time when violent political opinions disturbed the country. In consequence of his lameness, he was never able to walk far without resting. He was leaning on his stick, and looking about him, when a poor fellow ran up to him, and offered his hand, inquiring with considerable earnestness, "Pray, sir, are you a radical?" "Yes, my friend," replied Mr. Richmond, "I am a radical; a thorough radical." "Then," said the man, "give me your hand." "Stop, sir, stop; I must explain myself: we all need a radical reformation; our hearts are full of disorders; the root and principle within us is altogether corrupt. Let you and I mend matters there; and then all

will be well, and we shall cease to complain of the times and the government." "Right, sir," replied the radical, "you are right, sir:" and, bowing respectfully, retired.

REV. DR. PAYSON.

The Rev. Dr. Payson, of America, was very eminently devoted to his work as a minister of Christ, and never at a loss, in the pulpit or out of it, for plans to accomplish the great object to which he had devoted his life. The following rencounter with a lawyer of Portland, who ranked among the first in the place for wealth, and fluency of speech, will show Dr. Payson's insight into character, and also that his conquests were not confined to "weak women and children."

A lady, who was the common friend of Mrs. Payson and the lawyer's wife, was sojourning in the family of the latter. After the females of the respective families had interchanged several "calls," Mrs. — was desirous of receiving a formal visit from Mrs. Payson; but, to effect this, Mr. Payson must also be invited; and how to prevail with her husband to tender an invitation was the great difficulty. He had been accustomed to associate experimental religion with meanness, and of course felt, or affected great contempt for the divine, as if it were impossible for a man of his religion to be also a man of talents. He knew, by report, something of Mr. Payson's practice on these occasions, and dreading to have his house a place for what appeared to him gloomy conversation, resisted his wife's proposal as long as he could do so, and retain

the character of a gentleman. When he gave his consent, it was with the positive determination that Mr. Payson should not converse on religion, nor ask a blessing over his food, nor offer a prayer in his house. He collected his forces, and made his preparations in conformity with this purpose. When the appointed day arrived, he received his guests very pleasantly, and entered at once into animated conversation; determined, by obtruding his own favourite topics, to forestal the divine. It was not long before the latter discovered his object, and summoned together his powers to defeat it. He plied them with that skill and address for which he was remarkable; still, for some time, victory was inclined to neither side or to both alternately. The lawyer, not long before, had returned from Washington city, where he spent several weeks on business at the supreme court of the United States. Mr. Payson made some inquiries respecting sundry personages there, and among others, the chaplain of the house of representatives. The counsellor had heard him in the devotional services of that assembly. "How did you like him?" "Not at all; he appeared to have more regard to those around him, than he had to his Maker." Mr. Payson was very happy to hear him recognize the distinction between praying to God, and praying to be heard of men; and dropped a series of observations on prayer, passing into a strain of remark, which, without taking the form, had all the effect on the lawyer's conscience, of a personal application. From a topic so unwelcome, he strove to divert the conversation; and every

few minutes would start something as wide from it as the east is from the west. But as often as he wandered, his guest would dexterously, and without violence, bring him back, and as often as he was brought back, he would wander again. At length the trying moment, which was to turn the scale, arrived. The time for the evening repast had come; the servant had entered the parlour with the provisions; the master of the feast became unusually eloquent, resolved to engross the conversation, to hear no question or reply, to allow no interval for "grace," and to give no indication, by the eye, the hand, or the lips, that he expected, or wished for such a service. Just as the distribution was on the very point of commencing, Mr. Payson interposed the question, "What writer has said, 'The devil invented the fashion of carrying round tea, to prevent a blessing being asked.'" Our host felt himself "cornered;" but, making a virtue of necessity, replied, "I don't know what writer it is; but if you please, we will foil the devil this time. Will you ask a blessing, sir?" A blessing, of course, was asked; and he brooked, as well as he could, this first certain defeat, still resolved not to sustain another by the offering of thanks on closing the repast. But in this, too, he was disappointed. By some well-timed sentiment of his reverend guest, he was brought into such a dilemma, that he could not, without absolute rudeness, decline asking him to return thanks. And thus he contested every inch of his ground, till the visit terminated. But, at every stage, the minister proved too much for the lawyer. Mr. Payson sustained his character as a minister of

religion, and gained his point in every thing; and that, too, with so admirable a tact, in a way so natural and unconstrained, and with such respectful deference to his host, that the latter could not be displeased, except with himself. He not only acknowledged God on the reception of food, but read the scriptures and prayed before separating from the family; and did it at the request of the master, though made, as in every other instance, in violation of a fixed purpose. The chagrin of this disappointment, however, eventually became the occasion of the lawyer's greatest joy. His mind was never entirely at ease, till he found peace in believing. Often did he revert with devout thankfulness to God, to the visit which had occasioned his mortification; and ever after regarded, with more than common veneration and respect, the servant of God whom he had despised; and was glad to receive his ministrations, in exchange for those on which he had formerly attended.

This excellent man once visited a lady, who complained much of her trials, and frequently observed that it was very *mysterious* she should be so much afflicted. During the same interview, she stated that she was in the habit of putting her infant into a shower-bath, for the benefit of its health, and that it distressed the child exceedingly. "Now, madam," said Dr. Payson, "if your child could speak, would she not say, 'My mother is very cruel, to shut me up in this cold, dark place, and pour cold water upon me?' and yet you do it for her good."

REV. JOHN COOKE.

The Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead, once, when travelling, fell in with a rich farmer, who was very unwilling to listen to any serious remarks which he was disposed to make, and at length said, with a sneer, "I don't like religion; and I told you so." "You are not a singular farmer, sir;" replied Mr. Cooke. "I have read of one whom you greatly resemble. The farmer to whom I allude, finding his ground very productive, and his barns too small, resolved on building larger barns and filling them; and said to his soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' Luke xii. 19, 20. Now, sir, I think you must see yourself in this picture. Here is a farmer, very rich, living to himself in health, ease, and pleasure, 'without God in the world.' No doubt his neighbours envied and flattered him; but no one dared to reprove so rich a man. And if no one reproved his sins, and many flattered them as virtues, he never heard the truth. This accounts for our Lord's words, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! But although he thought himself wise, and others wished to be like him, God addresses him differently,—'Thou fool!'

"Why, sir, do you suppose the only wise God called him a fool?" He was silent.

"But, candidly, do not you think he was a fool?"

"I shall not say, sir."

"Well, sir, if you will allow me to hazard an opinion, he appears a fool,—

"1. Because he preferred his body to his soul.

"2. Because he preferred the world to God: 'Eat, drink, and be merry,' was the extent of his aim.

"3. Because he preferred time to eternity: 'Thou hast goods laid up for many years.'

"4. Because he lived as if he should never die; and, whilst presuming on many years, exposed his soul to all the horrors of sudden death, without repentance, without forgiveness, without holiness, and without hope."

A MINISTER.

A minister having preached on the doctrine of original sin, was afterwards waited on by some persons, to state their objections to what he had advanced. After hearing them, he said, "I hope you do not deny actual sin too?" "No;" they replied. The good man expressed his satisfaction at their acknowledgment; but, to show the absurdity of their opinions, in denying a doctrine so plainly taught in scripture, he asked them, "Did you ever see a tree growing without a root?"

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

This prelate was once wrecked upon a very desolate part of the coast. Under these circumstances, and in a most forlorn condition, he ap-

plied for assistance to a clergyman of a very prudent cast, stating, among other claims, his sacred profession. The clergyman rudely questioned the fact, and told him peevishly that he doubted whether he even knew the number of the commandments. "Indeed I do," replied the archbishop, mildly; "there are *eleven*." "Eleven!" answered the catechist; "tell me the eleventh, and I will assist you." "Obey the eleventh," said the archbishop, and you certainly will assist me: 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.'"

At another time, this excellent archbishop visited Scotland, and hearing much of the piety of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, resolved on being a witness of it. Disguised as a pauper, on a saturday evening, he solicited a lodging for the night. Mr. Rutherford took him in, and directed him to be seated in the kitchen. Mrs. Rutherford catechised the servants, as a preparation for the sabbath; and having asked the stranger the number of the Divine commandments, he answered *eleven*. The good woman hastily concluded him ignorant, and said, "What a shame it is for you, a man with grey hairs, in a christian country, not to know how many commandments there are! There is not a child six years old, in this parish, but could answer the question properly." Lamenting his condition, she ordered his supper, and directed a servant to show him a bed in a garret. Mr. Rutherford having heard him at prayer, and finding out who he was, prevailed on the archbishop to preach

for him, which he agreed to do, on condition that he should not be made known. Early in the morning Mr. Rutherford changed his clothes, suffered him to depart, and afterwards introduced him to breakfast as a minister on a journey. When in the pulpit, he announced his text—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;" and remarked that this might be reckoned the *eleventh* commandment. Mrs. Rutherford, remembering the answer she had received the night before from the stranger, was surprised, and looking at the preacher, almost imagined he might be the pitied traveller. The two holy men spent the evening in delightful conversation, and the archbishop departed, undiscovered, early on the following day.

HON. AND REV. W. B. CADOGAN.

A musical amateur of eminence, who had often observed the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cadogan's inattention to his performances, said to him one day, "Come, I am determined to make you feel the force of music,—pay particular attention to this piece." It accordingly was played. "Well, what do you say now?" "Why, just what I said before." "What! can you hear this and not be charmed? Well, I am quite surprised at your insensibility. Where are your ears?" "Bear with me, my lord," replied Mr. Cadogan, "since I too have had my surprise; I have often from the pulpit set before you the most striking and affecting truths; I have sounded notes that might have raised the dead; I have said, Surely he will feel now; but you never seemed to be

charmed with my music, though infinitely more interesting than yours. I too have been ready to say with astonishment, Where are his ears?"

REV. R. HALL.

Mr. Hall is well known to have been much opposed to the discussion of merely speculative points, the results of which were of no practical benefit. At such times he would either manifest a silent indifference, or throw a shaft of pointed sarcasm. On one occasion a minister was introduced to him, who, supposing it necessary to introduce something metaphysical or abstruse for conversation, proposed the inquiry, Whether in a future state the powers of the human mind would not expand and be enlarged to an indefinite degree? Startled at this question, Mr. Hall exclaimed, "What is that, sir?—what is that?" The question being carefully worded, and deliberately repeated, Mr. H. quickly replied, "Why so, sir? why so? Why suppose the human mind indefinitely enlarged any more than the human body? And if the body is to undergo this frightful increase, then we should have a man whose nose would perforate the sun, his chin stretching across the Atlantic, and battles fought in the wrinkles of his face. He must be a fool, sir, who can believe that."

Mr. Hall's wit was very pointed and keen. He was walking one day, in company with a friend, at Brighton, when they passed the socinian chapel there, which has a very imposing front. His friend being a stranger to the place, asked him

what building it was. "The socinian chapel," replied Mr. Hall, adding, "very characteristic of the system—a pompous introduction to nothing."

BISHOP BROCKMAND.

Dr. Joseph Brockmand, bishop of Zealand, was present at a wedding, which was attended by a large and promiscuous company. At table the conversation turned upon the conduct of a certain disorderly clergyman: some of the company reprobated, and others pitied him. But a lady of rank gave a new turn to the subject, and in a scornful way added, "What a pretty set of creatures our clergy are!" It grieved the bishop to hear the whole body of clergy thus vilified, yet he did not think proper to offer a direct reply. But shortly after he related an anecdote of a noble lady, notorious for her ill conduct, concluding with the remark, "It does not follow, however, that all our noble ladies must resemble her."

REV. W. ROMAINE.

A clergyman, after the death of the Rev. W. Romaine, communicated to his biographer, Dr. Hawies, the following circumstance:—"I breakfasted one morning with Mr. Romaine, I think in Lambeth parish. On taking the bread prepared, which I thought good, he mentioned the circumstance of the late Dr. John Fothergill's having, in some cases, advised the not giving to sick people, and especially to weakly children, preparations from London bread, on account of the too frequent adulteration it underwent pre-

vious to baking. I was then a young clergyman, and shall not easily forget the manner of his turning the subject to the ministerial administration of the bread of life to the people. He touched very clearly and forcibly on a variety of modes by which the word of God was perverted, and the bad leaven and other ingredients too often mixed with that heaven-imparted sustenance, which was intended to be meat indeed; and this he did in such familiar, easy, and yet pointed terms, and with that paternal benignity of look, as left me equally pleased, and, I trust, improved by the interview. It rendered bread to me of more value, both as a support and as a sign. I have yet cause to thank him for the discussion it produced, and shall ever revere his memory for so well-timed and happy an allusion."

REV. R. VENN.

The Rev. Mr. Venn, an evangelical and faithful minister of Christ, was one day addressed by a neighbouring clergyman in nearly the following words:—"Mr. Venn, I don't know how it is, but I should really think your doctrines of grace and faith were calculated to make all your hearers live in sin, and yet I must own that there is an astonishing reformation wrought in your parish; whereas I don't believe I ever made one soul the better, though I have been telling them their duty for many years." Mr. Venn was pleased at the clergyman's honest confession, and frankly told him, he would do well to burn all his old sermons, and try what preaching Christ would do.

REV. MR. DOD.

The Rev. Job Throgmorton, a puritan divine, who was described by his contemporaries as being "as holy and as choice a preacher as any in England," is said to have lived thirty-seven years without any comfortable assurance as to his spiritual safety. When dying, he addressed the venerable Mr. Dod in the following words: "What will you say of him, who is going out of the world, and can find no comfort?" "What will you say of Him," replied Mr. Dod, "who, when he was going out of the world, found no comfort, but cried, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'" This prompt reply administered consolation to the troubled spirit of his dying friend, who departed an hour after, rejoicing in the Lord.

AN AMERICAN MINISTER.

A christian pastor, in America, was in the frequent habit, during the tours he made in his extensive parish, of stopping for a night at a village inn, and of continuing his journey the next day. On one occasion he found the principal apartment converted into a ball-room. The host apologized for his not being able to accommodate him as comfortably as usual; but the pastor, without being disconcerted, asked to have his supper served to him in a corner of the room. When it was ready, he begged the assembly to grant him a few moments' silence, that he might, according to his practice, make an audible prayer before partaking of the meal. He accordingly

commenced praying, but before he had finished, the dancers had disappeared.

Sect. 3.—*Administration of Reproof.*

REV. T. CHARLES.

During the life of the excellent Mr. Charles, of Bala, there was a town in Wales where they were remarkable for their increasing profligacy, though the inhabitants had long been favoured with the gospel. They ran into excess of every kind, especially at the annual wakes. The most faithful and affectionate warnings were delivered from the pulpit, but without effect. At length Mr. C. determined on attacking the evil in another manner. About two months before the wakes, he sent word to the teachers of the sunday-school to direct the children to search their Bible for texts, which directly or indirectly prohibit dancing, drunkenness, &c. and to commit them to memory; saying, that they might expect him at the feast to catechise the children. The young people set to work, and great interest was excited in the neighbourhood. When the time arrived, Mr. Charles went, and found most of the people in the neighbourhood assembled, attracted by curiosity. After singing and prayer, he began to inquire, "Is dancing, my dear children, a sin?" "Yes," said one emphatically; "it was owing to dancing that the head of

John the Baptist was cut off." "Is drunkenness wrong?" "Yes," answered another; "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! and the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands," Isa. v. 11, 12. In this way he proceeded with them as to the other sins, to which proper answers were returned. The people began to hold down their heads, and appeared much affected. Observing this, he addressed them in the kindest manner, and exhorted them to leave off their sinful practices, and to attend to the concerns of their souls; to learn the word of God, and to seek the superior pleasures of religion. The effect produced was so great, that all the houses of revelry were completely forsaken.

The following day the harper was met, going home, by a person on the road, who, surprised to see him leaving the place so soon, inquired the reason. "Some parson," said he, "with a black cap on," Mr. C. wore a black cap, "has been catechising there, and persuaded the young people not to attend the feast."

REV. S. WALKER.

During the residence of Mr. Walker at Blackheath, a young man called to request the favour of an interview with him, which was granted. Mr. Walker supposed he wanted spiritual advice, but found to his surprise, that he came with

an air of consequence to set him right, as he thought, upon points of doctrine peculiar to his own sect, a service he was disposed to offer from the report he had heard of his usefulness in the church! He was received with great courtesy by Mr. Walker, who politely thanked him for the kindness of his intentions, but requested that he would first reply to a few questions.

"Pray sir," inquired Mr. Walker, "what is your age?"

"About three-and-twenty, sir."

"Well, sir, and how old do you suppose I am?"

"I should imagine, sir, past fifty."

"May I ask the nature of your occupation, sir?"

"A journeyman cabinet-maker."

"I suppose you know mine."

"Yes, sir: you are a minister."

"How long should you think I have been one?"

"Why sir, I have heard you have been a very zealous clergyman for some years."

"Which of us should you imagine possessed the most learning?"

"You, of course, sir."

"But which of us, do you think, has studied the scriptures the most attentively?"

"Sir, you have had the most opportunities of doing so."

"Now, sir, which should you conceive has prayed the most?"

"Very probably you may, sir."

"Which do you suppose has enjoyed the most advantages for improvement and experience?"

"Of course, Mr. Walker, you, sir, in your situation."

"Well, young man, I have only one thing more to say to you. What do you think of the self-conceit, that could induce you to come here to instruct a person who, according to your admission, has been eminently useful in the church, and is certainly your superior in age, length of religious experience, learning, and study of scripture? Now allow me to return you the kindness you designed for me, by instructing you in the pride and vanity of your own heart." This rebuke, delivered with all the mildness of christian love, with the peculiar force of the venerable minister's manner, and with the solemnity of one that spoke on the verge of the eternal world, produced a great effect upon the mind of this self-conceited youth; and may prove a useful lesson to those of the present day, who mistake their own prejudices for clear views of gospel doctrine, and fancy that skill in the verbiage of party, implies a real knowledge of scriptural truth.

AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman was preaching in an American town much infested with the heresy of the universalists, who profess to believe that all men, whatever may be their character, shall ultimately be saved. A preacher of this doctrine, who was present, with a view to "withstand the truth," became greatly enraged in the progress of the

discourse. It was no sooner closed, than he began to challenge the preacher to a defence of his doctrines. As it was rather late, the clergyman who had been preaching declined a formal debate, but proposed that each should ask the other three questions, to which a direct answer should be returned. This was agreed to. The universalist began. He put his questions, which were promptly answered. It then came to the clergyman's turn. His first question was, "Do you pray in your family?" Thunderstruck and dismayed, the preacher of smooth things knew not what to say. At length he asked, "Why; what has that to do with the truth of my doctrine?" "Much," was the reply: "by their fruits ye shall know them." At last, he frankly confessed that he did not. Then for the second question: "When you get somewhat displeased, do you not sometimes make use of profane language?" This was carrying the war into the inner temple of his infidel abominations. There was no door of escape. Answer he must. It was of no use to deny it. He confessed he was profane. "I will go no farther," said the pious clergyman; "I am satisfied:" and turning to the congregation, added, "I presume you are also. You dare not trust your immortal welfare to a prayerless and profane guide."

Here was a practical argument. Every one saw and felt its force. A dozen lectures on the subject would not have done half as much good.

A TRAVELLING MINISTER.

A minister was travelling on the top of a coach,

when a young gentleman got upon the same seat, who was not long there before he began descanting on the pleasures of hunting. Among the pleasures mentioned, one which very much astonished all his fellow-passengers, was, sometimes jumping on horseback into ponds, at other times being thrown into a quagmire up to the chin in water. "And," exclaimed the minister, unable to contain himself, "is this the way to happiness? Do you call this pleasure? if you do, I pity you; for I feel grateful I have discovered another way to happiness and bliss than the one you have mentioned." The young sportsman expressed a wish to know a better way, and begged he would show him. "I have," answered the minister, "a map in my pocket which will describe the way, and the *only* way to true bliss." Having raised his curiosity, and the passengers appearing as anxious as this pleasure-loving youth, he took out a small pocket Testament, and, pointing to these words, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," put the book into his hands, The youth read the text, but said nothing. Just at this moment the coach stopped to change horses, and he made the best of his way to another part of the coach, being unwilling to continue the conversation.

REV. DR. WAUGH.

At one of the half-yearly examinations at the Protestant Dissenters' Grammar School, at Mill Hill, the head master informed the examiners that he had been exceedingly tried, by the misconduct and perverseness of a boy, who had done something very wrong; and who, though he ac-

knowledged the fact, could not be brought to acknowledge the magnitude of the offence. The examiners were requested to expostulate with the boy, and try if he could be brought to feel and deplore it. Dr. Waugh was solicited to undertake the task; and the boy was, in consequence, brought before him. "How long have you been in the school, my boy?" asked the doctor. "Four months, sir." "When did you hear from your father last?" "My father's dead, sir." "Ay! alas the day! 'tis a great loss, a great loss, that of a father. But God can make it up to you, by giving you a tender, affectionate mother." On this, the boy who had previously seemed as hard as a flint, began to soften. The doctor proceeded: "Well, laddie, where's your mother?" "On her voyage home from India, sir." "Ay! good news for you, my boy: do you love your mother?" "Yes, sir." "And do you expect to see her soon?" "Yes, sir." "Do you think she loves you?" "Yes, sir, I'm sure of it." "Then think, my dear laddie, think of her feelings when she comes here, and finds that, instead of your being in favour with every one, you are in such deep disgrace as to run the risk of expulsion; and yet are too hardened to acknowledge that you have done wrong. Winna ye break your poor mother's heart, think ye? Just think o' that, my lad." The poor culprit burst into a flood of tears, acknowledged his fault, and promised amendment.

A gentleman, who was apt to indulge in boasting and self-adulation, was once in a dinner party

with Dr. Waugh. While the boaster was talking, the doctor heard him for some time with evident pain and disgust, and at length thus addressed him. "Whisht, whisht! my dear lad, and learn to moderate your estimate of yourself, or else you will become a vain man, a character who thinks every one his enemy that will not bow at his shrine; that even the leaves shaken with the blast, or the gossamer that flits in the sunbeam will offend."

On one occasion, a young minister having animadverted, in the presence of Dr. Waugh, on the talents of another minister, in a manner which he thought might leave an unfavourable impression on the minds of some of the company, Dr. W. observed, "I have known Mr. — many years, and I never knew him speak disrespectfully of a brother in my life."

At another time, in a company of nearly forty gentlemen, a student for the ministry entertained those around him with some ungenerous remarks on a popular preacher in London. Dr. Waugh looked at him for some time with pity and grief depicted in his countenance, and when he had thus arrested the attention of the speaker, he mildly remarked, "My friend, there is a saying in a good old book which I would recommend to your consideration: 'The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.'"

A FRENCH BISHOP.

A nobleman advised a benevolent French bi-

shop to add a new wing to his house, in the modern style of architecture. The bishop replied, "The difference, my lord, that there is between your advice, and that which the devil gave to our Saviour is—that Satan advised Jesus to change the stones into bread, and you desire me to turn the bread of the poor into stones."

AN AMERICAN MINISTER.

A worthy minister of the gospel, in North America, was pastor of a flourishing church. He had been a popular preacher, but gradually became less acceptable to his hearers, and his congregation very much decreased. This was solely attributed to the minister; and matters continuing to get worse and worse, some of his hearers resolved to speak with him on the subject. A deputation was accordingly appointed to wait upon him for that purpose. They did so; and when the good man had heard their complaints, he replied, "I am quite sensible of all you say, for I feel it to be true; and the reason of it is, that I have lost my prayer book." They looked quite astonished at hearing this, but he proceeded: "Once my preaching was acceptable, and many were edified by it, and numbers were added to the church, which was then in a prosperous state. But we were then a praying people. There were many who joined together in fervent prayer that my preaching might be blest for the conversion of sinners, and for building up the saints in their most holy faith. It was this, by the blessing of God, that made us prosper.

But as prayer began to be restrained, my preaching became less acceptable, the church declined, and things became as they now are. But let us have recourse to the same means, and the same effects may be expected to follow." They took the hint. Social prayer was again punctually attended to, and exertions made to induce those who were without to attend the preaching of the word. The result was, that the minister became as popular, and the church as flourishing as ever.

REV. MR. V.

The Rev. Mr. V. having changed his views of some parts of Divine truth, was waited upon by an old acquaintance, who wished to reclaim him to his former creed. Finding he could not succeed in his object, he became warm, and told his friend in plain terms that God had given him "up to strong delusions," and that he was "a vessel of wrath, fitted to destruction." "I think, brother," replied the one who was charged with a departure from the faith, with great calmness; "I think, brother, that you have mistaken the sense of the passage you last referred to. Vessels are denominated according to their contents. A chemist, in conducting a stranger through his laboratory, would say, 'This is a vessel of turpentine, that of vitriol,' &c. always giving to the vessel the name of the article it contains. Now, when I see a man full of the holy and lovely spirit of Christ, devoted to his service, and imitating his example, I say that man is a vessel of

mercy, whom God hath afore prepared unto glory; but when I see a man full of every thing but the spirit of the Bible, opposed to the moral government of God, seeking his own things rather than those which are Christ's, and filled with malice, wrath, and all uncharitableness, I am compelled to consider him 'a vessel of wrath, fitted to destruction.'"

REV. J. HERVEY.

Mr. Hervey had a very happy method of reproving the vices of his parishioners, in his mode of publicly catechising their children in his church. Some of them having lain in bed one sabbath morning longer than he approved, others busy in foddering their cattle when he was coming to church, and several having frequented the alehouse, he thus catechised one of the children before the congregation:—"Repeat me the fourth commandment. Now, my little man, do you understand the meaning of this command?" "Yes, sir." "Then, if you do, you will be able to answer me these questions. Do those keep the sabbath day holy, who lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock in the morning; instead of rising to say their prayers, and read their Bibles?" "No, sir." "Do those keep the sabbath, who fodder their cattle when other people are going to church?" "No, sir." "Does God Almighty bless such as go to alehouses on the sabbath, and do not mind the instructions of their minister?" "No, sir." "Do those who love God, read the Bible in their families, particularly on sabbath evenings, and have prayers every morning and

night in their houses?" "Yes, sir." A great variety of such questions he would ask, in the most engaging and familiar manner, as he thought most conducive to the improvement of his people.

While travelling, Mr. Hervey met with a lady who largely expatiated on the amusements of the stage, as being, in her opinion, superior to all other pleasures. She remarked that there was the pleasure of thinking on the play before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed while there, and the pleasure of reflecting on it on her bed at night. Mr. Hervey, who had heard her remarks without interruption, now said, with his usual mildness, that there was one pleasure more, which she had forgotten. "What can that be?" she eagerly asked; for she thought she must have included them all. With a grave look, and striking manner, Mr. H. replied, "Madam, the pleasure it will give you on a death-bed." A clap of thunder, or a flash of lightning, could not have more surprised her; the remark went to her heart. She had no reply to make; the rest of the journey was occupied in deep thought; she abandoned the theatre, and heartily pursued those pleasures which can afford satisfaction even on a death-bed.

REV. R. WALKER.

Dr. Blair, when concluding a public discourse, in which he had descanted with his usual eloquence on the amiability of virtue, gave utterance to the following apostrophe: "O virtue, if thou wert embodied, all men would love thee."

His colleague, the Rev. R. Walker, ascended the same pulpit, on a subsequent part of the same sabbath, and addressing the congregation, said, "My reverend friend observed, in the morning, that if virtue were embodied, all men would love her. Virtue has been embodied; but how was she treated? Did all men love her? No; she was despised and rejected of men: who, after defaming, insulting, and scourging her, led her to Calvary, where they crucified her between two thieves." The effect of this fine passage on the audience was very powerful.

REV. R. HALL.

A conceited minister having once delivered a sermon in the hearing of Mr. Hall, pressed him, with a disgusting union of self-complacency and indelicacy, to state what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, hoping that his silence would be rightly interpreted; but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. Mr. Hall, at length, said, "There was one very fine passage, sir." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit into the vestry."

REV. J. NEWTON.

The excellent John Newton was equally faithful and ingenious in administering reproof. He one day heard a minister preach, who affected great accuracy in his discourses, and who occupied nearly an hour on several laboured and nice distinctions. Having a high esteem for Mr.

Newton's judgment, he inquired of him whether he thought these distinctions were full and judicious. Mr. Newton said, he thought them not full, as a very important one had been omitted. "What can that be?" said the minister; "for I have taken more than ordinary care to enumerate them fully." "I think not," replied Mr. N. "for when many of your congregation had travelled several miles for a meal, I think you should not have forgotten the important distinction which must ever exist between meat and bones."

REV. MARK WILKS.

The late Rev. Mark Wilks, of Norwich, when a young man, resided at Birmingham; at that time an hospital had been partly erected there, but, for want of subscriptions, it had remained in an unfinished condition for many years. The erection of a theatre was commenced, which was not impeded by any pecuniary obstruction, but was rapidly completed, whilst the hospital stood a miserable object of ruin and delapidation. This circumstance did not escape the observation of Mr. Wilks, who, with his natural promptitude, determined, by some means, to see the hospital finished. What those means were to be did not at first suggest themselves, nor was it very easy for a young, and almost obscure individual, to accomplish an object for which usually the influence of wealth and character are necessary. But his ingenuity devised a plan by which he might venture on public notice for the completion of his object. It was to rouse the attention of the public through the medium of his poetical talents,

and by satire to convey to the inhabitants a picture of their disgraceful negligence, as well as a mode of restitution. He wrote a piece, entitled, "The Poetical Dream; or a Dialogue between the Hospital and the Playhouse;" and, after selling an immense number of copies, and finding that it had effectually answered his intentions, of awakening the attention of the public to its object, he immediately set on foot a subscription. His exertions were crowned with success, and in a very short time the hospital was finished and inhabited; and it still remains, at once a monument of his ingenuity, and a blessing to many thousands, who within its walls have obtained relief from disease and suffering.

CHAPTER V.

FIDELITY, AND CHRISTIAN BOLDNESS.

REV. H. MARTYN.

THE importance of decision in the cause of religion, and constantly declaring the whole truth, are universally admitted to be the duty of the christian minister. But in how few cases comparatively do we find this done! Among the instances in which Christ has been glorified in these respects, we may mention the conduct of the late Rev. Henry Martyn, in Persia. He was permitted to enter a very large party, composed of the highest class in that country, where one of their most learned men was lecturing on the principles of mohammedanism. Placed before them, Martyn was interrogated, whether Christ was the Creator, or a creature? He instantly replied, "The Creator!" Astonishment was visible among them; such a confession had never before been heard among mohammedan doctors. This honest and intrepid avowal of the truth produced no small impression in that assembly and neighbourhood.

REV. P. HENRY.

At a meeting of ministers, a question was started to be debated among them. Upon the

first proposal of it, a confident young man said, "Truly, I hold it so." "You hold, sir!" answered the Rev. Philip Henry; "it becomes you to hold your tongue."

LATIMER.

Bishop Latimer having one day preached a sermon before King Henry the eighth which had displeased his majesty, he was ordered to preach again on the next sunday, and to make an apology for the offence he had given. After reading his text, the good bishop thus began his sermon: "Hugh Latimer, dost thou know before whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the king's most excellent majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest; therefore, take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease: but then, consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence thou comest; upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God! who is allpresent! and who beholdeth all thy ways! and who is able to cast thy soul into hell! Therefore, take care thou deliverest thy message faithfully." He then proceeded with the same sermon he had preached the preceding sunday, but with considerably more energy. The sermon ended, the court were full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honest and plain-dealing bishop. After dinner, the king called for Latimer, and, with a stern countenance, asked him how he dared to be so bold as to preach in such a manner. Falling on his knees, he replied, his duty to his God and his prince had enforced

him thereto ; and that he had merely discharged his duty and his conscience in what he had spoken. Upon which the king, rising from his seat, and taking the good man by the hand, embraced him, saying, "Blessed be God, I have so honest a servant!"

Latimer was obliged to attend the parliament and the convocation, but he always avoided meddling in state affairs, and never stayed in London longer than he could help. Once he was in town on new year's day, at which season it was customary for the bishops and nobility then at court, to make presents to the king : some of the former gave considerable sums of money, in proportion to their expectations ; but Latimer's gift was more simple, and highly characteristic of himself. It was a New Testament, with a leaf doubled down at Hebrews xiii. 4. "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge!" Henry the eighth, forcibly as he must have felt this rebuke of his sins, did not appear offended, but manifested decided kindness to his reprover. Bad men seldom despise those whose holy and consistent character condemns their wicked conduct.

REV. W. GRIMSHAWE.

Mr. Whitefield, in a sermon he preached at Haworth, having spoken severely of those professors of the gospel, who, by their loose and evil conduct, caused the ways of truth to be evil spoken of, intimated his hope, that it was not necessary to enlarge much upon that topic to the congregation before him, who had so long en-

joyed the benefit of an able and faithful preacher; and he was willing to believe that their profiting appeared to all men. This roused Mr. Grimshawe's spirit, and, notwithstanding his great regard for the preacher, he stood up, and interrupted him, saying, with a loud voice, "Oh! sir, for God's sake, do not speak so; I pray you, do not flatter. I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open."

A CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

A christian minister was once preaching an occasional sermon in another minister's pulpit. The sermon was partly upon the sin of drunkenness; in which the preacher exposed the characters of some, who, while professing christianity, were secretly living under the power of this abominable vice. On the monday after the delivery of the sermon, the minister called upon several of the families belonging to the congregation; among the rest upon one, in which, after a short time, the master of the house called the minister aside into a private room, saying, he wished to speak with him alone. When he had entered the apartment, the man locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. The strangeness of this proceeding excited some alarm; but the minister stood perfectly still, watching the motions of the gentleman of the house, who then came boldly up to the minister, and thus addressed him:—"Sir, how dare you expose me before the whole congregation yesterday?" "Expose you, sir! I know nothing about you: I am quite a stranger. If any thing I said was suited to your case,

charge it not upon me, but upon God." The man was only more enraged at this answer, and insisted that the minister intended to insult and expose him: for he could not have spoken so accurately and pointedly, unless he had known his case. The resolute denial of the minister, accompanied with some remonstrance and reproof, wrought the infatuated man almost into a phrenzy. He repaired to a cupboard in the room, which he opened, and taking thence a bottle of ardent spirits, and a glass, he advanced in front of the minister, and, with a frantic spirit of bravado, said, "Now, sir, I shall convince you that I care nothing at all for your reproofs." He immediately began drinking, glass after glass, of the raw spirits, while the good man, in a state of mute astonishment, knew not what to do. He could not escape; and even while he looked upon the unhappy wretch, the judgment of the Almighty descended, and the impious scorner fell down a lifeless corpse, at the feet of the man whose affectionate and faithful warnings he had so daringly despised.

M. BOURDALOUE.

The reputation for eloquence which this celebrated preacher very early acquired, reached the ears of Louis the fourteenth, who sent for him to preach the advent sermon, in 1670, which he did with such success, that he was many years retained at court. He was called the king of preachers, and the preacher to kings; and Louis himself said, that he would rather hear the repetitions of Bourdaloue, than the novelties of an-

other. With a collected air, Bourdaloue had little action; he generally kept his eyes half-closed, and penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. On one occasion, he turned the peculiarity of his external aspect to a very memorable advantage. After depicting, in soul-awakening terms, a sinner of the first magnitude, he suddenly opened his eyes, and casting them full on the king, who sat opposite to him, he added, in a voice of thunder, "Thou art the man." The effect was confounding. When he had finished his discourse, he went and threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and said, "Sire, behold at your feet, one who is the most devoted of your servants; but punish him not, that in the pulpit he can own no other master but the King of kings."

REV. MR. DOD.

Mr. Dod, one of the puritan ministers, having preached against the profanation of the sabbath, which much prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants, the servant of a nobleman came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord; and if your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."

REV. R. HALL.

The first sermon preached by the late Rev. R. Hall, at Cambridge, after he had become the

pastor of the congregation there, was on the doctrine of the atonement, and its practical tendencies. One of the congregation, who had embraced very erroneous views of the gospel, said to him, "Mr. Hall, this preaching wont do for us, it will only suit a congregation of old women." "Do you mean my sermon, sir; or the doctrine?" "Your doctrine." "Why is it that the doctrine is fit only for old women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not suit people of any age, unless it be true; and, if it be true, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at every age."

A SURREY CLERGYMAN.

During the protectorate, a certain knight, in Surrey, had a law-suit with the minister of his parish; and, whilst the dispute was pending, sir John imagined that the sermons delivered at church were preached at him. He therefore complained against the minister to Cromwell, who inquired of the preacher concerning the fact; and having found that his sermons were aimed at the common good, he dismissed the complaining knight, saying, "Go home, sir John, and hereafter live in good friendship with your minister; the word of the Lord is a searching word, and I am afraid it has found you out." It were well, when we feel uncomfortable with the sermons of our ministers, if, instead of complaining of them, we seriously examined our own charac-

ter, and applied whatever might be suitable to our own case.

REV. T. ENGLISH.

I was once applied to, said the late Rev. T. English, of Woburn, by a stranger, in a place where I had been supplying for a few sabbaths only, for a sight of a letter which I had received, calumniating his character. I looked at the man, and pitied him; and coolly replied, "It would be a breach of the common principles of society, to show confidential letters written to us for the purpose of our doing people good." He retorted, in an angry tone, "I demand a sight of it, sir, as an act of justice, due to an injured man." I replied, "How do you know that I have received a letter concerning you?" "Know," said he, "it was impossible not to know it; your language and manner were so pointed, that it was impossible I should be deceived." I rejoined, "Do not be too positive: you have been deceived before now, I suppose; you may be so again." "It is not possible," said he; "you described the sin of which I am accused in the clearest language; and, looking me in the face, and pointing towards me, you said, 'Sinner, be sure your sin will find you out:' I therefore expect from you, sir, as a gentleman, and a christian minister, that you will give me a sight of the letter, that I may know its contents, and repel its charges." I observed, "I do not know your name; to my knowledge, I never saw you before; and as you have not told me in what part of the sermon it was I was so pointed, if I

show you any letter, I may show you the wrong one. I shall therefore not exhibit any of my letters to you, nor satisfy you whether I have received any one about you, till you describe the case alluded to." He hesitated; but afterwards described the sin of which he was accused. When he had finished, looking him full in his face, assuming a solemn attitude, and using a grave and serious tone of voice, I said, "Can you look me full in the face, as you must your Judge at the great day of God, and declare that you are innocent of the sin laid to your charge?" He trembled, turned pale, and his voice faltered; guilt and anger struggled in his breast, like the fire in the bowels of Mount Ætna, and, summoning up his remaining courage, he said, "I am not bound to make any man my confessor; and, if I were guilty, no man has a right to hold me up to public observation, as you have done." I assumed a benignity of countenance, and softened my tones, saying, "Do you believe that the passage I cited, 'Be sure your sin will find you out,' is the word of God?" He said, "It may be." "Surely it is," said I: "He that made the ear, shall he not hear? he that made the eyes, shall he not see? can he have any difficulty in bringing your sins to light? Now I will tell you honestly, I never received any letter or information about you whatever: but I am persuaded your sin has found you out; the preaching of the word is one method by which God makes men's sins find them out. Let me entreat you seriously to consider your state and character: who can tell but God may have intended this

sermon for your good; he may design to have mercy upon you; this may be the means of saving your neck from the gallows, and your soul from hell: but let me remind you, you are not there yet; there still is hope." He held down his head, clenched his hands one into the other, and bursting into tears, said, "I never met with any thing like this. I am certainly obliged to you, for your friendship. I am guilty, and hope this conversation will be of essential advantage to me!"

M. ABBADIE.

Abbadie, a celebrated French preacher, in his way from Brandenburgh to England, when he first visited this country, had to pass through Zell, where he paid his respects to the duchess. That princess was a great reader, and a woman of a strong mind; she took delight in conversing on religion, and directed the conversation to the Deity of Jesus Christ, apparently on account of a treatise which Abbadie had recently published. On this momentous question she unhappily was sceptical. The conversation being animated, insensibly degenerated into dispute, and became perhaps rather more warm, as the fair polemic was suspected of having relaxed sentiments on this doctrine. Many years afterwards, Abbadie being in London, went to pay his respects to the king, who happened to have with him the princess of Wales, afterwards the queen of England. Her royal highness immediately recollected him, and having heard of this conversation, said to him, "I have heard, Mr. dean, that, some time ago,

in passing through Zell, you quarrelled with my late grandmother." Abbadie, without being at all disconcerted, replied, "Madam, I feel too sensibly how much I owe to all your august house, ever to be guilty of showing them any kind of disrespect; but when I am called upon to defend the honour of my Master, I know not the great of the earth." The answer was highly approved by the king and the whole court. Fidelity never loses its reward.

AN EVANGELICAL MINISTER.

A christian minister once said to a socinian preacher, "You are always telling people the worth of their good works, flattering them, &c.; now we tell them of their depravity, sinfulness, and danger; yet few come and hear you, while our houses are filled. Can you assign a reason for this?" He said he could not. "Well," said the minister, "I will tell you; there is a conviction on people's minds, that what we preach is truth, and what you preach is falsehood."

MASSILLON.

The eloquence of the celebrated Massillon shone conspicuously in the introduction of a sermon before Louis XIV. king of France, from the words of the Redeemer, Matt. v. 4. "Blessed are they that mourn." The preacher began, "If the world addressed your majesty from this place, the world would not say, 'Blessed are they that mourn.' The world would say, 'Blessed is the prince who has never fought, but to conquer; who has filled the universe with his name; who,

through the whole course of a long and flourishing reign, enjoys in splendour all that men admire—extent of conquest, the esteem of his enemies, the love of his people, the wisdom of his laws.' But, sire, the language of the gospel is not the language of the world."

REV. DR. WITHERSPOON.

The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, formerly president of Princetown College, America, was once on board a packet ship, where, among other passengers, was a professed atheist. This unhappy man was very fond of troubling every one with his peculiar belief, and of broaching the subject as often as he could get any one to listen to him. He did not believe in a God and a future state, not he! By and by there came on a terrible storm, and the prospect was that all would be drowned. There was much consternation on board, but not one was so greatly frightened as the professed atheist. In this extremity, he sought out the clergyman, and found him in the cabin, calm and collected, in the midst of danger, and thus addressed him: "Oh, doctor Witherspoon! Doctor Witherspoon; we're all going; we have but a short time to stay. Oh, how the vessel rocks! we're all going; don't you think we are, doctor?" The doctor turned to him with a solemn look, and replied in broad Scotch, "Nae doubt, nae doubt, man, we're a' ganging; but you and I dinna gang the same way."

REV. S. BREWER.

A conceited young minister, once preaching for

the venerable Rev. S. Brewer, of Stepney, evidently laboured to set himself off to the best advantage. Being afterwards, very foolishly, solicitous to ascertain of Mr. Brewer what the people said of him, he received the following answer: —"Why, sir, the people said, and I said with them, that you said, 'I am a very clever fellow.'"

REV. RICHARD WATSON.

While the Rev. R. Watson was preaching, one sabbath morning, at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, he observed a man rise from his seat, to look at the clock in the front of the gallery, as though he wished to give the preacher a hint to approach to a conclusion. Mr. Watson observed, in a very significant manner, "A remarkable change has taken place among the people of this country, in regard to the public services of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in their attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in his service. A sad and ominous change!" And then, addressing the man, whose rude behaviour had called forth the remark, he said, "You need be under no alarm this morning: I shall not keep you beyond the usual time."

CHAPTER VI.

SUCCESSFUL LABOURS.

REV. W. ROMAINE.

THE goodness of God is often conspicuous in directing the words of his faithful ministers to the consciences of men in their congregations. Many a hearer has gone away with an arrow in his heart, concerned for the peace of his soul, without the minister ever knowing that the words of the creature had been attended with the power of the Creator.

Mr. B— used occasionally to attend on the ministry of the celebrated Rev. W. Romaine. One day, after he had gone to hear that eminent servant of God, his wife called upon a christian female in the neighbourhood, and spoke very harshly of her husband. She styled him a hypocrite and a deceiver; and said, that though he talked abroad, he never prayed at home; that he was dreadfully ill-tempered, and that if he should die before the day was over, so much the better. Soon after these painful and unchristian remarks, Mr. B— himself called upon the same christian female, and seemed in great anxiety; he wished to get home that he might be alone, and was impatient at being delayed. He said that he had heard Mr. Romaine. It was observed

to him that there was nothing remarkable in that circumstance, for that he had heard him many times before; but he replied, "I never heard him till this day." It was evident that the words of the preacher had smitten him to the heart; the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he left the house, saying that he had heard Mr. Romaine, and that he must be alone. The ways of God are past finding out, and his counsels are unknown! Scarcely had Mr. B— left that house an hour, before he was suddenly taken ill. He called on another friend, sunk down, and immediately expired! It is not known how this event affected the wife, but in three weeks afterwards she also was carried to her grave.

Of this instance, in which the word of God, as preached by him, had taken effect, Mr. Romaine never knew in the present world.

The late eminent lord C. in his last illness, could not be satisfied without ascertaining who had preached at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on a certain sunday many years before, when impressions were made on his mind which he had never lost. On making the inquiry, it was found that Mr. Romaine had been the preacher.

BISHOP M'ILVAINE.

Bishop M'Ilvaine, of America, says:—I was called from my study, to see a man who had come on business. I found in the parlour a well-dressed person, of respectable appearance, good manners, and sensible conversation—a

stranger. After a little while he looked at me earnestly, and said, "I think, sir, I have seen your face before." "Probably," said I, supposing he had seen me in the pulpit. "Did you not once preach in the receiving ship at the navy-yard, on the prodigal son, sir?" "Yes." "Did you not afterwards go to a sailor, sitting on his chest, and take his hand, and say, 'Friend, do you love to read your Bible?'" "Yes." "I, sir, was that sailor; but then I knew nothing about the Bible, or about God; I was a poor, ignorant, degraded sinner." His history was, in substance, as follows: He had been twenty-five years a sailor, and nearly all that time in the service of the British navy, indulging in all the extremes of a sailor's vices. Drunkenness, debauchery, and profaneness, made up his character. The fear of death, or hell, or God, had not entered his mind. Such was he, a sink of depravity, when a preacher one day assembled a little congregation of sailors in the ship to which he was attached, and spoke on the text, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." He listened, merely because the preacher was once a sailor. Soon it appeared to him that the preacher saw and knew him, though he was sitting where he supposed himself concealed. Every word seemed to be meant for a description of him. To avoid being seen and marked, he several times changed his place, carefully getting behind the others. But wherever he went, the preacher seemed to follow him, and to describe his course of life, as if he knew it all. At length the discourse was ended;

and the poor sailor, assured that he had been the single object of the speaker's labours, went up and seized his hand, and said, "Sir, I am the very man. That is just the life I have led. I am a poor miserable man; but I feel a desire to be good, and will thank you for some of your advice upon the subject." The preacher bade him pray. He answered, "I have never prayed in my life, but that I might be damned, as when I was swearing; and I don't know how to pray." He was instructed. It was a day or two after this, while his mind was anxious but unenlightened, that Providence led me to him, while sitting on his chest. He said I showed him a verse of the Bible, as one that would guide him. I asked if he remembered which it was. "Yes, it was, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" Soon after this his mind was comforted with a hope of salvation through Jesus Christ. His vices were all abandoned. He became from that time a new creature in all his dispositions and habits; took special care to be scrupulously attentive to every duty of his station; gained the confidence of his officers, and, having left the service, continued an exemplary member of society, and of the church of Christ. He was so entirely renewed, that no one could imagine, from his appearance or manners, that he had been for twenty-five years a drunken, abandoned sailor.

A MINISTER AT SHREWSBURY.

In the latter part of the last century, a christian minister at Shrewsbury was brought to the

closing scenes of life. He had long grieved over his apparent uselessness in the church of Christ, and when seized with his last illness, this regret was considerably increased. The thought planted thorns in his pillow, and embittered his dying moments. At this very period, two persons, entirely unacquainted with the feelings of the departing minister, applied for communion with the church he had long served, and attributed their conversion to God to his labours. A friend immediately hastened to communicate the intelligence to the venerable man, who listened to the statement with holy joy beaming in his countenance; and then, gathering up his feet into the bed, adopted the language of Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," and closed his eyes for ever on earthly objects.

A CHAPLAIN—OCCASIONAL PREACHING.

Some years ago, a vessel, which was blessed with a pious chaplain, and was bound to a distant part of the world, happened to be detained by contrary winds, over a sabbath, at the Isle of Wight. The chaplain improved the opportunity to preach to the inhabitants. His text was, "Be clothed with humility." Among his hearers was a thoughtless girl, who had come to show her fine dress, rather than to be instructed. The sermon was the means of her conversion. Her name was Elizabeth Wallbridge, the celebrated DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER, whose interesting history, by the late Rev. Legh Richmond, has been printed in various languages, and widely

circulated, to the spiritual benefit of thousands. What a reward was this for a single sermon preached "out of season!"

A YOUNG MINISTER AT GOSPORT.

In the year 1815, some of the Rev. Dr. Bogue's students resolved to preach to the crowds of people who were constantly found near the beach at Gosport. They said one to another, "We profess to have a tender compassion for souls; we are going to spend our days in preaching to the heathen; and how can we consistently let the multitudes perish around us without attempting, at least, to warn them to flee from the wrath to come?" A commencement was made by one of the students on a sunday morning. He went among the people with religious tracts, spoke to them of their danger, told them of Christ, exhorted them to go to a place of worship, and promised that the next sunday morning a person should come and preach to them.

When the time arrived, several of the students went to the beach, and one of them began the service on the market-house steps. The hymn, which begins with "Life is the time to serve the Lord," was sung to the tune of the old hundredth. At first, only a few people were present, but the singing was like ringing the bell or beating the drum. Many came running out of the public-houses. The inhabitants in the high street threw up their sashes and looked out at the windows, and some came and stood at their doors. The people who were busy buying meat in the shambles, soon flocked around; and

at last the butchers, having no customers, left their traffic, and listened also. The text was, "I have a message from God unto thee." The congregation in general was very attentive, and the whole scene was exceedingly impressive. Here were soldiers, sailors, wretched females, porters, butchers, labourers, and sabbath-breakers of various descriptions, listening to a message from God. The tears flowed plentifully; even hardy tars were seen wiping their streaming eyes with the sleeves of their blue jackets; and one sailor was so affected, that he stepped behind another to try to hide his feelings. Some of the wretched females also were much impressed, which their companions in iniquity perceiving, instantly hurried them away to their haunts of wretchedness.

At the close of the service, a young man, belonging to a frigate, was seen bustling through the crowd towards the preacher, who thought he had a menacing appearance; but, when he came near, the warm-hearted tar, with evident feelings of regard, said, "You have been hard at work, sir, and I am sure you must be thirsty; I beg you will accept of this three-shilling piece to get something to drink!" "Thank you, brave fellow," the student replied; "we did not come here for your money, but to do good to your soul." "I know it, sir," said he; "I felt it: but you must have something to drink." "Have you a Bible, friend?" "No." "Then come with us, and we will sell you a Bible for your three-shilling piece!" "Very well, sir. Come along, Jem," said he to his shipmate, "let us

go with these gentlemen." They then walked to the lodgings of the preacher, and the sailor having received the Bible, he put it into his breast pocket, and exclaimed, with an energy not to be described, "There, sir! I part with this book the same day that I part with my head."

It is peculiarly affecting, says the narrator of this fact, to recollect that nearly all the students who were employed in that morning service have finished their work, and are gone to their Master. Reader, art thou a student, or a preacher, or a pastor? O remember the multitudes for whom no man careth; they will soon be removed beyond the sound of thy voice, and thou also wilt quickly be numbered with the dead.

REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

The Rev. Dr. Winter, in the course of an interesting speech, delivered at the meeting of the Religious Tract Society in Sheffield, in 1821, introduced the following affecting anecdote, as originally related by the Rev. Legh Richmond, rector of Turvey, Bedfordshire.

Mr. Richmond, being on a tour of benevolence in Scotland, had occasion to halt in the vicinity of the Grampian mountains: this magnificent range did not fail to attract the notice of one whose works indicate so high a perception of the beauties of nature. Having a little leisure, he resolved to perambulate the sequestered valleys and glens of these romantic scenes. On one occasion, when he had penetrated the recesses of the Grampians till he seemed secluded from

man and his residence, he perceived a wreath of smoke curling in the distance. Led by this sign of a human dwelling, he presently discovered a small cottage. Approaching the door, he heard the voice of some one within, reading, as he thought, a religious book. He was soon discovered, and invited into the hut, where he was requested to partake of the homely fare of the family; this, with that affability which was a part of his character, he accepted. The family consisted of the cottager and his wife, with two daughters. The husband, perceiving by Mr. Richmond's dress and manner that he was a clergyman, presently engaged him in a conversation of a religious nature. Mr. R. could not but observe the intelligence and piety of this sequestered mountaineer; neither did he fail to notice the strong impression which the conversation seemed to make upon the females, especially the youngest, who, although silent, appeared deeply interested. The time arrived when their transient guest must depart; this he did, but not without presenting the young woman with a tract, on which he wrote his name, and took his leave.

Having occasion, many months afterwards, to visit one of the largest cities in Scotland, he was requested to preach at one of the institutions established for the purpose of reclaiming from vice and misery the most hopeless and abandoned of the female sex, and he accepted the invitation. During his address he particularly noticed one of the females, who kept her face covered with her handkerchief, and whose sobs, though evidently restrained, were loud and frequent.

After service he retired into a room appointed for him, where the matron appeared, and requested him to attend her to another apartment. Here he found the female whom he had noticed in the chapel. Her sobs long prevented utterance. At last, keeping one hand on her face, with the other she drew from her pocket, and presented to Mr. Richmond the identical tract, which he had long before, and under circumstances so different, presented to the young woman in the cottage. His feelings must be imagined. She now related to him the manner in which she had been seduced from the paths of virtue, and brought into her present situation. It appeared, that some time after Mr. Richmond's visit to the mountains, another visitor had sought these romantic valleys and glens. This was an artist, who came to sketch the beautiful scenery. He was admitted to the hospitality of her father's cottage, in return for which, he persuaded, after many visits, the victim of his duplicity to quit her mountain home with him. She was, as might be expected, soon abandoned by the wretch who had deluded her. It was now that the value of the tract was perceived; this, amidst all her abandonments, she had not abandoned, and neither force nor artifice could ever induce her to part with it. She often retired to read it, and it was the only thing which seemed to throw a ray of hope through the gloom and despair that surrounded her. She then related the manner in which she was brought into the present asylum, and expressed her earnest wish to be reinstated in the house of her father, whose face she dread-

ed to meet. Mr. Richmond promised to use his influence with the old man to obtain a reconciliation, and to restore her to his arms; he did so, and Dr. Winter thought that, at the time he was detailing this narrative, she was with her family, amidst the Grampian hills.

REV. THOMAS FLINT.

The Rev. Thomas Flint, who died at Weymouth in 1819, was engaged, in the year 1797, to preach in the chapel in College Lane, Northampton. The last sabbath he spent there was attended with a very remarkable circumstance. After his usual preparation for public worship, he ascended the pulpit, intending to preach from Rom. viii. 6. "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." He had not proceeded far, before his mind became suddenly embarrassed; his well-known talent of amplification entirely forsook him; and, filled with confusion and anguish, he made an apology, and sat down. Having sung a hymn, the congregation rose for prayer, and the preacher, rising with a heart almost bursting with grief, and eyes streaming with tears, exclaimed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Three years afterwards he learned that this very circumstance proved the means of the conversion of a young person, who made an honourable profession of religion.

REV. J. WESLEY.

In an early period of the ministry of the Rev. John Wesley, he visited Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where his father had formerly been minister, but

found the people greatly opposed to what they considered his new notions. He tells us, in his journal, that many persons were convinced of the importance of the truths he delivered from the tomb-stone of his father, some of whom were conveyed in a wagon to a neighbouring justice of the peace, to answer for the heresy with which they were charged. Mr. Wesley rode over also: when the magistrate asked what these persons had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgotten. At length, one of them said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and, besides, they pray from morning to night." He asked, "But have they done anything besides?" "Yes, sir," said an old man, "An't please your worship, they have *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue: and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the justice, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

REV. R. HILL.

The Rev. Thomas Jackson, of Stockwell, in the memoir of Mr. Hill, furnished to the Evangelical Magazine, states:—

Perhaps no man in modern times has been more honoured than Mr. Hill, as the instrument of converting souls; his talent appeared more particularly in awakening the careless, instances of which the writer has had many opportunities of witnessing; and he does not remember ever having stayed two days with Mr. H. in any town, without meeting with one person or more to whom

his ministry had been made useful. One case, among many, he cannot omit: the scene occurred at Devonport, Devonshire, after Mr. H. had been preaching a missionary sermon to a crowded congregation in the large chapel in Prince's Street. The people had withdrawn, and the deacons and a few friends had retired, with Mr. H. into the vestry, when two tall, venerable looking men, upwards of seventy years of age, appeared at the vestry door. After a short pause they entered, arm-in-arm, and advanced towards Mr. H., when one of them said, with some degree of trepidation, "Sir, will you permit two old sinners to have the honour to shake you by the hand?" He replied, with some reserve, "Yes, sir:" when one of these gentlemen, the other hanging on his arm, took his hand, kissed it, bathed it with his tears, and said, "Sir, do you remember preaching on the spot where this chapel now stands, fifty years ago?" "Yes, I do," was the reply. The old man then proceeded to say, "Oh, sir! never can the dear friend who has hold of my arm, or myself, forget that sermon: we were then two careless young men, in his majesty's dock-yard, posting to destruction as fast as time and sin could convey us thither. Having heard that an interesting young clergyman was to preach out of doors, we determined to go and have some fun; accordingly we loaded our pockets with stones, intending to pelt you; but, sir, when you arrived, our courage failed, and as soon as you engaged in prayer, we were so deeply impressed, that we looked at each other and trembled. When you named your text, and

began to speak, the word came with power to our hearts; the big tears rolled down our cheeks; we put our hands into our pockets, and dropped the stones one after another, until they were all gone; for God had taken the stone out of our hearts. When the service was over, we retired; but our hearts were too full to speak, until we came near to our lodgings, when my friend at my elbow said, 'John, this will not do; we are both wrong; good night.' This was all he could utter; he retired to his apartment, I to mine; but neither of us dared to go to bed, lest we should awake in hell; and from that time, sir, we humbly hope we were converted to God, who, of his infinite mercy, has kept us in his ways to the present moment; and we thought, sir, if you would permit us, after the lapse of half a hundred years, to have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand before we go home, it would be the greatest honour that could be conferred on us." Mr. H. was deeply affected; the tears rolled down his venerable cheeks in quick succession; he fell on the necks of the old men quite in the patriarchal style; and there you might have seen them, locked in each others arms, weeping tears of holy joy and gratitude to the Father of mercies. It was a scene at which Gabriel might have rejoiced, and infidelity must have turned pale. The writer is aware he cannot do justice to it by his description, though he feels, at this distance of time, something like celestial pleasure in recording what he then witnessed.

In a sermon, preached on sunday, the 3rd of

March, 1833, at the chapel in Blackfriars Road, London, Mr. Hill gave an interesting narrative, in nearly the following words:—

I am an old man, and am exhorting you with my remaining strength, not to be conformed to this world, but to be followers of Him, who, when your flesh and your heart fail you, will be the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. There are many of you now hearing me who have not made up your minds on this subject. O, if I were a young man, how I would work you! There is a great difference in the manner and method of worshipping God adopted by different christians, and for my own part I am not particular. I care not how a man worships God, so that he worships him in spirit and in truth. I do not mind going a little out of the regular road with a man, if it falls in with his inclination; and in this way I would become all things to all men, with the hope, through grace, of winning souls to Christ. A man may lead me along with him very easily, so that he does not lead me into sin; but the moment he attempts to do this, we part company. Let me call especially on the young around me, not to be conformed to this world, for ye cannot walk two ways at the same time: ye cannot serve God and mammon.

It is now many years since a young man, who had been conformed to this world, and who had lived a very wicked life, made up his mind to come to this chapel to hear the man preach, who, in his estimation, was beside himself. He came; and He, who by the foolishness of preaching can make many wise, put words into my mouth to

suit his case. He went away sorrowing, with an arrow in his heart. Now he had a brother, who had pursued the same thoughtless, ungodly course as himself, and he told him where he had been, and how he felt. "Brother," said he, "we have lived very wicked lives; I wish you would come with me; for I think if you were to hear the same man preach, you would feel the same as I do." His brother consented, and they both came here and sat, as you are now sitting, to hear the word of God preached by his unworthy servant. I had this account from the young man who first came; and he told me, that if ever he had enjoyed a happy moment in the course of his life, it was when, turning round to his brother, he saw the repentant tear trickling down his cheek. These two young men became servants of God; and though one of them is dead, yet they are servants of God still. The one worships God at his throne, and the other at his footstool.

REV. W. KINGSBURY.

At Southampton, the labours of the venerable William Kingsbury had been eminently owned and blessed by God, in the conversion of sinners, and the building up of the church: but, as the infirmities of age advanced upon him, he was sometimes discouraged at not seeing such frequent and evident instances of usefulness, as had been manifest in the vigour of his days.

In the month of July, 1807, Mr. Kingsbury preached from the words, "I am as a wonder unto many; but thou art my strong refuge," Psa. lxxi. 7. He stated that on that day he at-

tained his seventy-third year, and had been led to this subject by reflecting on the vicissitudes through which he had been brought, and the experience he had of the Divine mercy and faithfulness through his long life. He very feelingly alluded to some discouragements in his ministry, and observed, that there was no trial so severe to him as the thought of outliving his usefulness.

On the evening of the same day, in company with a friend, he went to a village, two or three miles from Southampton, where he was accustomed to preach on Lord's day evenings. There appeared on his countenance an unusual expression of mingled thoughtfulness and cheerfulness. At length he broke the silence, by exclaiming, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." He then related the following circumstance, his utterance being frequently interrupted by tears of gratitude and pleasure:—After the morning service, a respectable-looking elderly woman had come into the vestry, and requested to speak to Mr. Kingsbury. Being introduced, she said, she felt it her duty to take the first opportunity of meeting with him, to state that his ministry had been greatly blessed to her soul, and she hoped to praise God

for it to all eternity. Mr. K. observed, that she was quite a stranger to him, he did not recollect having ever seen her before; and asked her where she resided, and how long she had attended his ministry. She replied, that she was a total stranger: having only heard him preach once before, and that more than forty years since, when she resided at Poole, in Dorsetshire. She was at that time young, gay, and thoughtless; and on the point of forming a matrimonial connexion with a young man of similar character. According to their usual custom, they set out for a sunday stroll; and having heard that a stranger was preaching, dropped in out of mere curiosity. The preacher was Mr. Kingsbury; it pleased Almighty God to carry home the word with power to her heart. She returned home, no longer the giddy, thoughtless lover of pleasure; but deeply concerned to know what she should do to be saved. Her concern could not escape the notice of her companion, who endeavoured to turn the matter into ridicule; but the "King's arrow was sharp in her heart," she could not forget the wound it had inflicted; nor could she find ease until relieved by the application of the "blood of sprinkling." The whole bias of her mind and pursuits now assumed a different direction; the pleasures of the world had no more charms for her; she could no longer idle away the precious hours of the sabbath; she desired to hold communion with God in his house and ordinances. Under these circumstances, it very naturally occurred to her, "How can I make happy, or be happy with a partner in life, whose views and

feelings on the most important of all subjects are the very opposite to my own ?" She pursued the inquiry with fervent prayer for Divine direction, and came to the conclusion, candidly to state to her lover the change of which she had become the subject; and, though she felt herself bound in honour to fulfil her engagements to him, to appeal to him whether the difference were not likely to be a source of more lasting unhappiness between them, than an honourable dissolution of present engagements by mutual consent. The young man admitted the force of her reasoning; he said he was certain he should never imbibe her religious views, and he feared he should be little inclined to tolerate them; they therefore agreed on a friendly separation. Feeling uncomfortable at residing in the same town with her late companion, and where their intimacy was generally known, she gladly embraced an opportunity of engaging herself to reside with a pious family in the north of England. There she became acquainted with, and was in due time married to one who feared God; with whom she had ever since lived in domestic happiness, and had brought up a family of eight children, every one of whom she had the happiness of seeing walking in the ways of God, and two, or more, filling stations of distinguished usefulness in the christian church. One of the sons had just returned from abroad in ill health, and was at an hospital near Portsmouth. This had occasioned the mother's journey, to conduct him home; and, being in the neighbourhood, she gladly embraced the opportunity of hearing and

introducing herself to the minister to whom she felt indebted, under God, in everlasting obligations. Her son, she feared, was in a very precarious state of health; "But," said she, "I have good evidence that he is safe for time and for eternity. Oh, how different are my circumstances and prospects from what they would have been, if I had continued unconcerned about my own soul, or even had married an ungodly man, and become the mother of an ungodly, or at best a divided family!"

"This delightful disclosure," said the good man, with tears in his eyes, "seems to renew my youth like the eagle's. My Lord has kept the good wine of consolation for the hour of debility and need. Bless the Lord, O my soul! I am indeed as a wonder unto many; but THOU art my strong refuge, and there the wonder ceases!"

REV. SAMUEL KILPIN.

Soon after the commencement of the ministerial labours of the Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter, several trivial circumstances gave an entire change to his style of preaching. He was in the habit of studying closely, and writing nearly the whole of his sermons, to which he made reference during the time of their delivery. Thus furnished, he visited some part of Wales. Immense congregations assembled. He was told that they did not like any but extemporaneous preaching. For this he was not prepared; but by condensing his subject, he lessened the appearance of his notes. With a trembling hand, he placed his remarks in the Bible so neatly, that

his fears vanished. This, however, was followed by a hard cough, which, to his dismay, released the concealed paper, and sent it into a current of air, where it floated as a kite over the heads of the people. He breathed a momentary prayer for aid, when with good humour he said, "So let Dagon fall, we will endeavour to seek higher assistance." This pleased the congregation, and he was enabled calmly to collect his thoughts, and the sermon was made a blessing.

A MINISTER IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

A christian minister, some years ago, on returning from preaching in a neighbouring village, was asked by an individual to direct him to a certain place. His request was attended to, and when the stranger was thanking him for his kindness, the minister replied, "Take care, my friend, you are in the right way at last." These words appeared long to sound in the man's ears, and, What could the gentleman mean by them? was an inquiry often presented to his mind, and which at length led to the salvation of his soul. Some years had passed away, with all their attendant cares, joys, and sorrows, when the minister was solicited to preach at Ludlow, Salop. After the service, he was requested to visit a member of the church, who was in dying circumstances. As soon as he came near, the dying man fixed his eyes on the countenance of the minister, and, with a peculiarly significant look, and emphatic voice, said, "Sir, I know you! I know you!" "Know me!" replied the minister; "how can that be? for I am a stranger

here." "I know you, sir," again he replied. "Do you not remember," said he, "some years ago, a person asking you the way to such a place, and your returning with him, putting him in the right path, and when we were parting saying to him, 'My friend, take care, you are in the right way at last?'" "No, I do not," replied the minister; for it had completely escaped his memory. "Yes, you did, sir," rejoined the dying man; "I have not forgotten it, nor never shall forget it. 'The right way at last;' oh, sir, am I in that way now? I cannot live long, I feel that I am dying; tell me, oh, tell me, if I am in the right way." The minister questioned him as to his faith in Christ, and on other important points, to which the dying man returned suitable and satisfactory answers. After which the minister affectionately and earnestly recommended him in prayer to God, and left him. In a few days his mortal career ended.

JOHN BUNYAN.

A student of Cambridge observing a multitude flock to a village church on a working day, inquired the cause of so unusual an event. On being informed that one Bunyan, a tinker, was to preach there, he gave a boy a few halfpence to hold his horse, resolved, as he said, to hear the tinker prate. The tinker *prated* to such effect, that, for some time, the scholar wished to hear no other preacher; and, through his future life, gave proofs of the advantages he had received from the humble ministry of the author of the "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

REV. W. TENNENT.

This eminent American minister, who, in the last century, was distinguished for great usefulness, was one day passing through a town in the state of New Jersey, in which he had never preached, and stopping at a friend's house to dine, was informed that it was a day of fasting and prayer in the congregation, on account of a very remarkable and severe drought; which threatened the most dangerous consequences to the fruits of the earth. His friend had just returned from church, and the intermission was but half an hour. Mr. Tennent was requested to preach, and consented, after great hesitation, as he wished to proceed on his journey.

At church the people were surprised to see a preacher wholly unknown to them, and entirely unexpected, ascend the pulpit. His whole appearance, in his travelling dress, covered with dust, and exhibiting a long and meagre visage, engaged their attention, and excited their curiosity. On his rising up, instead of beginning to pray, as was the usual practice, he looked around the congregation with a piercing eye and earnest attention; and after a minute's profound silence, he addressed them, with great solemnity, in the following words:—"My beloved brethren, I am told that you have come here to-day to fast and pray, a very good work indeed, provided you have come with a sincere desire to glorify God; but if your design is merely to comply with a customary practice, or with the wish of your church officers, you are guilty of the greatest

folly imaginable; as you had much better have stayed at home, and earned your three shillings and sixpence." (At that time this was the stated price of a day's labour.) "But if your minds are indeed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and you are really desirous of humbling yourselves before Almighty God, your heavenly Father, come, join with me, and let us pray."

This had an effect so uncommon and extraordinary on the congregation, that the utmost seriousness was manifested. The prayer and the sermon added greatly to the impressions already made, and tended to rouse the attention, influence the mind, command the affections, and increase the emotion which had been so happily produced. Many had reason to bless God for the unexpected visit, and to reckon the day one of the happiest of their lives.

A MINISTER IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

A minister, some years since, was called on to preach for the benefit of a sunday-school in Northamptonshire. He embraced the opportunity of speaking at some length on the necessity of being clothed in the Redeemer's righteousness as the only means by which sinners could be delivered from the wrath to come. While he was preaching, a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on, accompanied with rain and hail. The lightning struck a tree in the churchyard, shivered it to pieces, and forced a part of it through one of the windows. Alarmed at this circumstance, the congregation began to fly in

all directions, seeking for refuge where it was least likely to be found. The minister, from this awful scene, took occasion to entreat them to remain in the house of God; reminding them, that if they were protected from their sins by the righteousness of Christ, let storms, lightning, or even death come, they were perfectly safe. In pursuing his discourse, his attention was attracted to one of the sunday-school girls, who was standing near the pulpit; and who was so peculiarly affected, as to excite the hope that he had been the instrument of good to her soul. Thus impressed, he called at her parents' house the next day, and after the customary salutations, the mother told him that her child had met with a disappointment, as she expected to go to the fair on that day; but a circumstance had occurred which would prevent her. "What, my dear," said the minister, "are you fond of going to fairs?" The child immediately replied, "Oh no, sir; I don't want to go to the fair; I now only want to be clothed in that robe of righteousness which you were speaking of yesterday; that I may see Jesus Christ." Struck with this pleasing observation, the good man entered into conversation with the child, and found her mind so sensibly wrought upon, that he had every reason to believe a Divine work was begun upon her heart. He left her, intending to repeat his visit the next day; but a messenger arrived to inform him that this interesting child was called away, having been found dead in the garden.

A MINISTER IN YORKSHIRE.

A christian minister, in Yorkshire, had long felt convinced of his sinfulness, in neglecting to converse on spiritual topics with a beloved child. She was brought to the verge of the grave, and was, in his apprehension, an unconverted child. His feelings were painfully distressing; for he felt forcibly the importance of his duty in apprizing her of her danger; but till nearly her dying hour he continued to experience the backwardness he had long felt. Repeatedly did he enter her room to address her, and unwilling to add the weight of mental anxiety to her bodily affliction, he as often retired without accomplishing his object. His conscience pained him, for he feared that his misjudging fondness might contribute to her eternal ruin. At length, after repeated petitions for Divine assistance, he once more approached her bed, and pressing her hand, said, in broken words, "Has an eternal state, my dearest daughter, ever engaged your attention?" This was all he could utter. To his astonishment and joy, she immediately replied, "Yes, father; under a sermon that you preached from Romans iii. upon man's lost condition, I was convinced that I was in a state of condemnation. Since that time I have been unable to procure any consolation, and fear I shall be lost for ever." Her tears for some time prevented her from saying more: but when able to proceed, she told him that she had long wished to make known to him the state of her mind. Overcome with joy

at this unexpected answer, he endeavoured to convince her of the certainty of salvation to all who, conscious of their depravity, confide in the merits of the Redeemer, for acceptance with God. Her distress was continued for two days longer, when, resting entirely on Christ, every degree of gloom was removed, and she was favoured for fifteen days with holy peace and joy. Christ was increasingly precious to her, and her father had the blessedness of witnessing her triumphant departure, in full assurance of hope, in the fifteenth year of her age.

REV. MR. ARMITAGE.

Towards the close of the last century, the Rev. Mr. Armitage, a minister of Saddleworth, in Yorkshire, was invited to take the charge of a small congregation in the city of Chester. On his entering upon his labours, he began a thursday evening lecture, which he announced to the people on the first sabbath after his arrival. This was then an unusual service in Chester, and excited the curiosity of many of the inhabitants to attend. Between the sabbath and the evening of its commencement, he felt a good deal of perplexity as to the subject about which he should preach. The only passage upon which his mind could eventually rest, was Judges xiii. 23. "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would he have showed us all these things, nor would, as at this time, have told us such things as these." A company of strolling

players happened to be exhibiting the same evening that Mr. A. had appointed for the lecture; and they met in a room near to his place of worship, at the very time he had engaged to preach. Having just come into the town, and being a stranger, several who had debated whether the playhouse or the preaching would afford them the gerater entertainment, determined to go to the preaching, and leave their visit to the playhouse to the following evening. That very night, the place in which the players and their company were assembled, was destroyed by gunpowder, kept in a lower room, and two hundred persons were blown into the air! Forty persons were killed upon the spot, and many others were dreadfully scorched and mangled. This singularly awful providence spread a universal gloom over the city; but the painful event was overruled for saving purposes to many. Many of those who attended the preaching, made an application of the text to themselves, and said—"If the Lord had intended to kill us, he would have permitted us to go to the theatre; but as he has spared us, we will never go again." Some of these continued regular and devout hearers of Mr. A.; and an unusual impression appeared on the minds of numbers, who flocked to listen to the word of life.

REV. J. UNDERHILL.

The Rev. J. Underhill, a worthy and zealous minister of Christ, in Staffordshire, met with much persecution in his work. At one time ap-

pointed for public worship, an infuriated mob of more than 500, mostly colliers, collected, some armed with clubs, staves, and stones; others had horns and noisy instruments, determined, as they declared, to drive out the methodists, or to destroy them. While the people, and some ministers, were pursued by the rabble, a gentleman called out fiercely to the rioters, pointing to Mr. Underhill, "There is one of the methodist dogs; take notice of him; do your work well, and I will give you a barrel of ale at the end of it." Two of the ministers narrowly escaped with their lives. Mr. Underhill and a brother minister were dragged to a public-house; the latter received such a violent blow with a poker from the landlord, that he never entirely recovered from its effects. But, mercifully for the landlord, that was to be his last sin in opposing the gospel. Some time afterwards, these very ministers met the landlord at a house where they supped together; and talking over former scenes of tribulation through which they had together passed, the minister said, "No part appeared so heinous as the conduct of the man who struck me when in quiet custody." He was desired to look on the company, and try to recognise the person. Time had effaced any recollection of his features. Mr. Underhill then said, "Behold, he dippeth with thee in the dish." Here an interesting scene took place. They wept on each other's necks, the landlord bewailing his crime, and entreating forgiveness; and the minister assuring him, that even the loss of life would have been richly repaid by the salvation of one soul.

REV. DR. SPRING.

Dr. Spring, of New York, related, some time ago, that during the period of a revival of religion in that city, a young lady, the object of high hope, the centre of wide influence, capable of noble things, yet careering on the giddy steep of fashion and of folly, created in him no small solicitude, as he would have to give an account for her soul, every avenue to which seemed most sedulously guarded. He delayed the visit of counsel and exhortation; and delayed, till, rebuked by conscience, he could do so no longer. As soon as he called, and was ushered to the saloon, the first and only person whom he saw was this young lady bathed in tears, who immediately exclaimed, "My dear pastor, I rejoice to see you. I was fearful I was the only one who had escaped your friendly notice." What a rebuke to fear! What an encouragement to hope, and to action!

REV. JOHN FLAVEL.

This eminent minister delivered a course of sermons, on a Lord's day afternoon, from Rev. iii. 20. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me;" which were afterwards published, with the title of "England's Duty under the present Gospel Liberty." While in the course of their delivery, two profane young men went to hear him, simply to have an opportunity of afterwards turning his text into ridicule; but one of

them became deeply impressed with a conviction of his sinfulness, submitted his heart to the Saviour, and enjoyed the promise contained in the text.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

Bishop Porteus, when near death, felt that he could not depart in peace till he had expressed his disapprobation of the profanation of the Lord's day, so prevalent in his diocese. "I had, for some time past," he says, "observed, in several of the papers, an account of a meeting, chiefly of military gentlemen, at an hotel in the west end of the town, as held every other sunday during the winter season. I determined that it should not pass without reproof; and thought it best to go at once to the fountain head, to the person of the principal influence in the meeting, the Prince of Wales." The venerable bishop was wrapped in flannel and carried to Carlton House, where he requested the honour of an audience, and a personal conference with the prince on the subject. He very graciously granted it, and the bishop had a conversation with him of more than half-an-hour. The prince entered immediately into his views, and confessed that he saw no reasons for holding the meeting on sundays, more than any other day of the week; and he voluntarily proposed, that the day should be changed from sunday to saturday, for which he said that he would give immediate orders.

CHAPTER VII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN AMERICAN MINISTER.

THE following may show christian ministers the importance of the greatest possible simplicity in the language they use :—

A young clergyman, who had delivered a discourse in the place of an aged brother minister, requested the opinion of the latter respecting it.

"O," said he plainly, "many of the words you used were beyond the comprehension of your hearers : thus for instance, the word, 'inference,' perhaps not half of my parishioners understand its meaning." "Inference, inference!" exclaimed the other, "why every one must understand that." "I think you will find it not so ; there's my clerk now, he prides himself upon his learning, and in truth is very intelligent : we will try him. Zechariah, come hither Zechariah; my brother here wishes you to draw an inference ; can you do it?" "Why, I'm pretty strong, but Johanadab, the coachman, is stronger than I ; I'll ask him?" Zechariah went out a few moments, to look after the coachman, and returned. "Johanadab says, he has never tried to draw an inference, sir, but he reckons his horses can draw any thing that the traces will hold!"

ARCHBISHOP WAKE.

Dr. Chandler was, from losses by the South Sea scheme, obliged to combine the two occupations of evening lecturer at the Old Jewry, and bookseller in the Poultry; he published at the one place some sermons which he had delivered at the other, and presented a copy of them to archbishop Wake. His grace expressed his sense of the value of the favour in a letter, which is an honourable testimony to Dr. Chandler's merit. It appears from the letter, that the archbishop did not then know that the author was any thing more than a bookseller, for he says, "I cannot but own myself to be surprised, to see so much good learning and just reasoning in a person of your profession; and do think it a pity you should not rather spend your time in writing books than in selling them. But I am glad, since your circumstances oblige you to the latter, that you do not wholly omit the former."

REV. DR. CHALMERS.

Dr. Chalmers, on his return from England, a few years ago, lodged in the house of a nobleman, not far distant from Peebles. The doctor is known to excel in conversation, as well as in the pulpit. He was the life and soul of the discourse in the circle of friends at the nobleman's fire-side. The subject was pauperism—its causes and cure. Among the gentlemen present, there was a venerable old highland chieftain, who kept his eyes fastened on Dr. C., and listened with intense interest to his communications.

The conversation was kept up to a late hour. When the company broke up, they were shown up stairs into their apartments. There was a lobby of considerable length, and the doors of the bed-chambers opened on the right and left. The apartment of Dr. C. was directly opposite to that of the old chieftain, who had already retired with his attendant. As the doctor was undressing himself, he heard an unusual noise in the chieftain's room; the noise was succeeded by a heavy groan! He hastened into the apartment, which was in a few minutes filled with the company, who all rushed in to the relief of the old gentleman. It was a melancholy sight which met their eyes. The venerable white-headed chief had fallen into the arms of his attendant in an apoplexy. He breathed for a few moments, and expired. Dr. C. stood in silence, with both hands stretched out, and bending over the deceased. He was the very picture of distress. He was the first to break silence. "Never in my life," said he, in a tremulous voice, "did I see, or did I feel, before this moment, the meaning of that text, 'Preach the word: be instant in season, and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine.' Had I known that my venerable old friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would not have dwelt on that subject which formed the topic of this evening's conversation. I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have preached unto him and you, Christ Jesus, and him crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all the earnestness befitting the

subject, to prepare for eternity. You would have thought it, and you would have pronounced it out of season. But ah! it would have been in season, both as it respected him, and as it respects you."

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

The observation made by archbishop Williams, who had been lord keeper of the great seal, as well as loaded with other honours, at the close of his life was truly affecting. "I have passed," said he, "through many places of honour and trust, both in church and state, more than any of my order in England for the last seventy years. But were I assured that by my preaching I had converted only one soul unto God, I should herein take more comfort than in all the offices and honours that have ever been bestowed upon me."

M. VINCENT DE PAULE.

The Rev. Vincent de Paule, an eminent minister on the continent, when instructing a young minister on the importance of not allowing his sermons to be too long, observed, "I was one day lamenting before God the small fruit of my labour. I was walking to church; and as I went along, I was overtaken by a vine-dresser. I took the opportunity of asking him how the missions were liked." "Sir," replied the peasant, "we all feel obliged to you for your kind intentions. We are fully sensible that what you tell us is good; but you preach too long. We ignorant boors, are just like our own wine-vats; the juice must have plenty of room left to work in: when once

filled to the brim, if you attempt to pour in more, even if it were the very best juice in the world, it will only be spilt on the ground and lost."

MARTIN LUTHER.

Martin Luther used to remark, that a preacher should take care not to bring three little sly dogs into his profession—pride, covetousness, and envy. To which he added, when speaking to ministers, "When you observe the people hear most attentively, be sure they will return more readily. Three things make a divine—meditation, prayer, and temptation. And three things are to be remembered by a minister:—turn over and over the Bible, pray devoutly, and be never above learning. Those are the best preachers for the common people, who speak in the meanest, lowest, humblest, and most simple style."

Controversy may be sometimes needful; but the love of disputation is a serious evil. Luther, who contended earnestly for the truth, used to pray: "From a vain-glorious doctor, a contentious pastor, and nice questions, the Lord deliver his church!"

A MINISTER.

A celebrated preacher, now deceased, in a charge which he delivered at the ordination of a young minister, thus addressed him: "Let me remind you, sir, that when you come into this place, and address this people, you are not to bring your little self with you. I repeat this again, sir, that it may more deeply impress your

memory; I say that you are never to bring your little self with you. No, sir, when you stand in this sacred place, it is your duty to hold up your great Master to your people, in his character, in his offices, in his precepts, in his promises, and in his glory. This picture you are to hold up to the view of your hearers, while you are to stand behind it, and not let so much as your little finger be seen."

PHILIP MELANCTHON.

Philip Melancthon, being at the conferences at Spire, in 1529, made a little journey to Bretten, to see his mother. This good woman asked him what she must believe amidst so many disputes, and repeated to him her prayers, which contained nothing superstitious. "Go on, mother," said he, "to believe and pray as you have done, and never trouble yourself about religious controversies."

It is said of this great man, that he longed for death for two reasons: 1. That he might enjoy the much-desired presence and sight of Christ, and of the heavenly church; and, 2. That he might be freed from the cruel and implacable discords of divines.

BERNARD.

It has frequently been proposed, as a question of considerable practical importance, how a person may know that he has a call to the ministry: the following observations, by Bernard, a monk of the twelfth century, may perhaps be useful:— "He who is called to instruct souls, is called of

God, and not by his own ambition; and what is this call, but an inward incentive of love, soliciting us to be zealous for the salvation of our brethren? So often as he who is engaged in preaching the word, shall feel his inward man to be excited with Divine affections; so often let him assure himself that God is there, and that he is invited by him to seek the good of souls. Truly, I love to hear that preacher, who does not move me to applaud his eloquence, but to groan for my sins. Efficacy will be given to your voice, if you appear to be yourself persuaded of that to which you advise me. That common rebuke will not then at least belong to you, 'Thou who teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?'"

REV. DR. BARROW.

When Dr. J. Wilkins, afterwards bishop of Chester, was rector of St. Lawrence Jewry, just after the restoration, he desired Dr. Barrow to take the service for him for one sunday, which he readily consented to do. Accordingly, at the time appointed, he came with an aspect pale, meagre, and unpromising, slovenly and carelessly dressed. Thus accoutred, he mounted the pulpit, and began his prayer: immediately the congregation was in an uproar, as if the church were falling, and they scampering to save their lives, each shifting for himself with great precipitation: but the good doctor, not seeming to take notice of this disturbance, proceeded to name his text, and preached his sermon to two or three gathered, or rather left together, of which number, as

it fortunately happened, Mr. Baxter, the eminent nonconformist, was one, who afterwards gave Dr. Wilkins a visit, and highly commended the sermon. There was also, amongst those who stayed out the sermon, a certain young man, who thus accosted Dr. Barrow as he came down from the pulpit: "Sir, be not dismayed, for I assure you it was a good sermon." By his age and dress, he seemed to be an apprentice; or, at the best, a foreman of a shop; but we never, says Dr. Pope, who furnished this account, heard more of him. I asked the doctor what he thought when he saw the congregation running away from him. "I thought," said he, "they did not like me or my sermon, and I have no reason to be angry with them for that." "But what was your opinion," said I, "of the apprentice?" "I take him," replied he, "to be a very civil person, and if I could meet with him, I'd make him a present." There were then in that parish a company of formal, grave, and wealthy citizens, who having been many years under famous ministers, as bishops Wilkins, Ward, Reynolds, and others, had a great opinion of their skill in divinity, and their ability to judge of the goodness and badness of sermons: many of them came in a body to Dr. Wilkins, to expostulate with him, why he suffered such an ignorant, scandalous fellow, meaning Dr. Barrow, to have the use of his pulpit. The same day, or some day after in that week, when Mr. Baxter was with Dr. Wilkins, they came in full cry, saying, they wondered he should permit such a man to preach, who looked like a starved cavalier, that had been

long sequestered, and out of his living for delinquency, and had come up to London to beg, now the king was restored; and much more to that purpose. He let them run themselves out of breath, and when they had all done speaking, and expected an humble, submissive answer, he replied to them in this manner: "The person you thus despise, I assure you is a pious man, an eminent scholar, and an excellent preacher: for the truth of the last I appeal to Mr. Baxter here present, who heard the sermon you so vilify: I am sure you believe Mr. Baxter is a competent judge, and will pronounce according to truth:" then turning to him, "Pray, sir," said he, "do me the favour to declare your opinion concerning the sermon now in controversy, which you heard at our church the last sunday." Mr. Baxter very candidly gave the sermon the praise it deserved: and said, "that Dr. Barrow preached so well, that he could willingly have been his auditor all day long." When they heard Mr. Baxter give him this high encomium, they were pricked in their hearts, and all of them became ashamed, confounded, and speechless; for though they had a good opinion of themselves, yet they durst not pretend to be equal to Mr. Baxter: but at length, after some pause, they all, one after another, confessed "they did not hear the sermon, but were carried to mislike it by his unpromising garb and mien, the reading of his prayer, and the going away of the congregation:" for they would not have it thought by any means, that if they had heard the sermon, they should not have concurred with the judgment of Mr. Baxter. After

this shame was a little over, they earnestly desired Dr. Wilkins to procure Dr. Barrow to preach again, engaging to make him amends by bringing their families, and to enjoin them not to leave the church till the blessing was pronounced.

Dr. Wilkins promised them to use his utmost endeavour for their satisfaction, and accordingly solicited Dr. Barrow to appear once more in that pulpit, but all in vain; for he could not by any persuasions be prevailed upon to comply with their request. How true is it, that "man looketh at the outward appearance!"

AMERICAN MINISTERS.

Some years ago, three American ministers went to preach to the Cherokee Indians. One preached very deliberately and coolly; and the chiefs held a council to know whether the Great Spirit spoke to them through that man; and they declared he did not, because he was not so much engaged as their head men were in their national concerns. Another spoke to them in a most vehement manner; and they again determined in council that the Great Spirit did not speak to them through that man, because he was mad. The third preached to them in an earnest and fervent manner; and they agreed that the Great Spirit might speak to them through him, because he was both earnest and affectionate. The last was ever after kindly received.

REV. T. BOSTON.

The Rev. Thomas Boston was walking up and down in his closet one evening, in heaviness of

mind; his little daughter, whom he had laid in bed, suddenly raising herself up, said to him, she would tell him a note, and thus spoke: "Mary Magdalene went to the sepulchre. She went back again with them to the sepulchre; but they would not believe that Christ was risen till Mary Magdalene met him; and he said to her, 'Tell my brethren, they are my brethren yet.'" "This," says Mr. Boston, "she pronounced with a certain air of sweetness. It took me by the heart. 'His brethren yet!' thought I; and may I think that Christ will own me as one of his brethren yet? It was to me as life from the dead."

REV. D. TYERMAN.

The following facts illustrate alike the amiable disposition of the minister to whom they relate, and the singular methods by which the blessed God sometimes brings sinners to himself:—A young unitarian had been one sabbath evening to hear Mr. Tyerman, and returned very unexpectedly pleased with the sermon. The next day he took occasion to express his pleasure in the hearing of an orthodox acquaintance, not a hearer of Mr. Tyerman's, though a warm friend; "I went," said he, "last night, to hear Mr. Tyerman, and a very good sermon he preached." "It is more, then," said his orthodox friend, "than he ever preached before." Here the conversation ended; but, unhappily, this brief remark and reply was carried, by some tattling third party, who happened to be present, to Mr. Tyerman's ears! Mr. T. with the openness and frankness which characterized him, immediately sought an inter-

view with his imprudent orthodox friend; and, after thanking him for the kindness with which both he and his family had treated him, gravely asked him whether he had ever uttered the expression which had been imputed to him! The other was, of course, too honourable to retract; he defended it upon the ground that he merely meant that Mr. T. had never, in his judgment, preached a good sermon, an opinion which he could not help forming; but expressed his sorrow that it should ever have reached Mr. T.'s ears. Mr. Tyerman very candidly acknowledged his friend's right to form and to express his opinion, while he admitted that he was sorry that such opinion was not in his favour; but he then proceeded to ask, whether it was wise, discreet, or christian-like, to say any thing which could, even by remote possibility, operate unfavourably upon the mind of a young unitarian, who had just expressed himself pleased with Mr. Tyerman, so as to prejudice him against hearing, for a second time, those truths which had been once, at any rate, listened to with satisfaction. The other, completely disarmed by this appeal, acknowledged that he had done very wrong; and this unpleasant occurrence eventually led to an intimacy, which was only terminated by death. Some time after this, the same gentleman went to reside in a distant town, where was a chapel, which, like many other places, had once belonged to the orthodox, but was now in the hands of arians. Mr. —— attended this chapel, and became a person of some influence. Shortly after, Mr. Tyerman was invited to spend a sabbath, and

to preach there. Just as he was going off by the coach, the young unitarian, before-mentioned, saw him, and asked where he was about to preach on the following sabbath. Mr. Tyerman told him. "Ah!" said the other, "you will never get into that pulpit." Mr. T. replied, that he was persuaded he should, and that the place would yet have Divine truth faithfully and regularly proclaimed in it. The result was as he anticipated; for it pleased God, during that very visit, to call a lady by his grace, who became very active in the promotion of true religion in that place.

BISHOP WILSON.

The pious and excellent Dr. Wilson, bishop of Sodor and Man, had given offence to some magistrates in that island, by his zeal against vice, and by the reformation of manners which his exhortations and example had effected. To be revenged on him, they laid some political offences to his charge, and had him confined in prison. After a considerable time, his ill-usage was reported, seemingly by accident, to one of the Turks whom the king (George I.) constantly retained about his person to dress him. The honest mohammedan gave his majesty an account of the hardships under which the bishop laboured: and the king sent for him up to London in order that he might stand on his own defence. The bishop, on being heard, was soon acquitted; and, on the next court day, appeared at the royal levee, to thank his majesty for the equity and benevolence which had been shown him. The good prelate

appeared in his usual manner, very venerable, but very simply habited, with his grey locks, a small black cap on the crown of his head, and leather thongs in his shoes, which he always wore instead of buckles. A number of other bishops were in the circle; but the king passing by them all, walked up to the bishop of Man, and, taking him by the hand, said, "My lord, I beg *your* prayers:" laying a particular stress on the word *your*. Nor must the generosity of the worthy Turk be forgotten. The bishop's son, Dr. Wilson, then a prebendary of Westminster, mustered up fifty guineas, as much as he was then able to raise, and requested the Turk to accept them as a testimony of gratitude for the kind services he had rendered to his father. But he could not prevail on him to take them: "I'll have no return," said he; "for it is reward enough to do good to a good man."

REV. T. HOOKER.

The Rev. Thomas Hooker, an American minister, having paid a visit to Cambridge, in that country, he was invited to preach on the sabbath afternoon, and governor Winthrop went from Boston purposely to hear him. Having read his text, he proceeded with great fluency for about a quarter of an hour, when he suddenly found himself at a loss for something to say. After several ineffectual attempts to proceed, he candidly confessed his difficulty, and, requesting the congregation to sing a psalm, withdrew for half an hour. He then returned, and preached for about two hours with great propriety and vivacity. After

the sermon, he said to some of his friends, "We daily confess that we can do nothing without Christ; and what if Christ should prove this to be the fact before the whole congregation!"

THE REV. MR. R.

The Rev. Mr. R. resided in a house where an apprentice lived, who was compelled to hear him preach every sabbath day, but who always rejoiced when the services of the day were over. He had been drawn into the paths of infidelity, and cherished a malignant hatred to religion and its professors. He considered Mr. R. either as a superior spirit in human form, or a consummate hypocrite, whose exhibitions in the pulpit, and in private life, were alike intended to deceive the spectators for his own purposes. Our young sceptic resolved, however, very closely to watch his conduct. "For several years," said he to the writer of this paper, "I watched him with incessant vigilance. My opportunities of knowing his character were such as occur in the variety and minutiæ of domestic life and family transactions, but his temper, and conduct, and speech, and devotion, were only beautiful representations of the same object—all having one character, and that stamped upon them by Heaven. I began to admire, rather than love him, until a circumstance occurred that produced an indelible impression upon my mind. My apprenticeship was just out, and in a few days I was to set off to a situation in London. He seized an occasion of calling me into his room, warned me of the dangers which I should meet in the metropolis, told me of the

duty of prayer, and the pleasures of piety, put into my hands as a parting present, 'DODDRIDGE'S RISE AND PROGRESS,' and, kneeling down, commended me fervently to the grace of God, and the guidance of infinite wisdom. This united me to the man for ever. I went to London under the impressions he had made on my mind; did not give way to company, nor launch out into dissipation, but attended the house of God with something like regularity. And a sermon, which I heard Mr. S. preach when he had been recently brought back from the gates of death, was the means of awakening me to a sense of my danger, and of directing me to the cross." Many persons, whom we do not suspect, are watching our temper and general conversation, and the convictions which they receive will tell on their future principles and final destiny. Our Lord knew the power of example was far beyond precept, when he said to his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth,"—"ye are the light of the world." Happy are those ministers who can use the same reference as the apostle: "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ," 1 Cor. xi. 1.

REV. MR. GREENHAM.

While the eminent puritan minister, Mr. Dod, resided at Hanwell, he was the subject of much persecution and sorrow. Going once to see his relative, the Rev. Mr. Greenham, of Dry-Drayton, and lamenting the state of his mind to him, the worthy minister replied, "Son, son, when affliction lieth heavy, sin lieth light." This saying conveyed great comfort to Mr. Dod, who

rejoiced that God could make affliction the means of his sanctification; and used afterwards to say, that "sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions."

REV. H. VENN.

The late Rev. H. Venn was on a visit at the house of a very intimate friend, where a lady of great piety was ill of a dangerous and painful disease. The physician who attended her, one day observed to Mr. Venn, that he was quite at a loss to explain how she was enabled to bear the severity of suffering which attended her complaint with so much tranquillity and so little murmuring. "Can you account for it, sir?" added he. "Sir," replied Mr. Venn, "that lady happily possesses what you and I ought to pray for—the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost."

REV. R. HALL.

When the late Rev. Robert Hall was once speaking of a brother minister as superior in mind to any other person with whom he was acquainted, the gentlemen to whom he addressed himself, smiled in a way which showed him that they thought him superior to the individual of whom they were conversing. With an energy and rapidity peculiar to himself, he turned to one of the gentlemen, and said, "I perfectly understand you, sir; but shall maintain my opinion. I insist upon it, sir, that —— is far superior to myself." Again the gentlemen smiled, when he added, "I am not insensible, sir, to the fact that God has given me talents superior to many of my

brethren; but I should be a fool to show such a feeling, and on a level with the devil to be proud of it."

REV. DR. WITHERSPOON.

Dr. Witherspoon, president of New Jersey College, in America, educated 523 young men, 115 of whom were afterwards ministers of the gospel. He had the satisfaction to see many of his former pupils filling the first offices of trust under the government; and on returning one day from the general assembly of the presbyterian church, then sitting in Philadelphia, he remarked to a particular friend, "I cannot, my dear sir, express the satisfaction I feel, when I observe that a majority of our general assembly were once my own pupils."

REV. DR. CORNELIUS.

Dr. Cornelius, of North America, whose death was somewhat sudden, said to the writer of his life, "Tell your own dear people, from me, that they hear for eternity. Last monday I was in the world, active, but now I am dying; so it may be with any of them. O, if they would but realize the solemn import of the fact, that they hear for eternity, it would rouse them all from slumber, and cause them to attend, without delay, to the things which belong to their eternal peace. Tell christians to aim at a higher standard of piety, and to live more entirely devoted to Christ and his cause. When a man comes to die, he feels that there is an immeasurable disparity between the standard of piety as it now is, and as it ought to be."

REV. J. HERVEY.

The Rev. Mr. Monteith, of Alnwick, on his way from London, called on the Rev. James Hervey. Being asked by him, "What news in the city:" he replied, "Every thing is preparing for war." Mr. Hervey remarked, with much sweetness and composure, "Well, God will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on him; because he trusteth in him."

A WELSH MINISTER.

I well remember, said an eminent minister in North Wales, that when the Spirit of God first convinced me of my sin and danger, and of the many difficulties and enemies I must encounter, if ever I intended reaching heaven, I was often to the last degree in fear; the prospect of the many strong temptations and allurements, to which my youthful years would unavoidably expose me, greatly discouraged me. I often used to tell an aged soldier of Christ, the first and only christian friend I had any acquaintance with for several years, that I wished I had borne the burden and heat of the day like him. His usual reply was, that so long as I feared, and was humbly dependent upon God, I should never fall, but certainly prevail. I have found it so. O, blessed be the Lord, that I can now raise up my Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

REV. S. WALKER.

The late Rev. S. Walker felt the affection of

a father to his converts at Truro, and was determined, while Providence permitted, to spend and be spent in their service. Soon after his arrival amongst them, he had been presented by the trustees of his late patron, Mr. Kendall, to the vicarage of Talland, and had obtained leave of non-residence from the bishop. The genuine character, however, of his religion having excited in him a great tenderness of conscience, he began to have serious scruples about the justifiableness of deriving any emolument from a charge, the duties of which he was unable to perform. With his usual calmness and deliberation, he weighed in his own mind the question of non-residence and pluralities, consulting able writers on the subject; and, after mature reflection, connected with earnest prayer, he decided to resign his preferment. Although this resolution reduced his finances so as to bring him into exceedingly low circumstances, he did not hesitate for an instant to act upon it, and told his friends that a weighty burden had been removed from his conscience. He bore with cheerfulness all the inconveniences of his diminished fortune, relinquished his accustomed comforts, and went into humble lodgings with accommodations of the plainest kind. While in this condition, he had four offers made him of preferment, but declined them all. He could not leave his devoted flock; he would not receive from any portion of the vineyard where he laboured not, all his desires centered in longings for God's presence in his soul, and a blessing on his ministry. He thus exhibited in practice his own description of a contented christian.

REV. MR. PARSONS.

The following epitaph was found in the study of the Rev. Mr. Parsons, vicar of Arnold, and rector of Wilford, in Nottinghamshire, to which a request was annexed, "that it might be inscribed on his tomb:" it shows his earnest desire to be useful, even after death.

Reader,
The soul which inhabited the body that now
lies at thy feet,
is at this time partaking
of the due reward of its deeds!
The state is now unalterable.
If good, it is happy, without fear of change;
If not, how great a mercy would it be esteemed,
even for a short time,
to be as thou art—
Capable of avoiding the torments of hell,
and of enjoying the rest and pleasures
that are at God's right hand for evermore!
Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation!
Oh! receive not the grace of God in vain.
2 Cor. vi. 1, 2.

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